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## ANOTHER TRUE STORY

For Prof. W. F. Jamieson's Explanation.

It will be remembered by the reader, that the controversy between Brother W. F. Jamieson and myself developed upon his part the acknowledgement of the fact that there are genuine phenomena printed in every Spiritualistic paper in the world, for at least a year, because, in that declaration of a scientific writer, who was a non-Spiritualist, is contained the proof of what Spiritualism has accomplished in the short space of fifty years, or the latter half of the nineteenth century. Accomplishing it, too, in the face of the most bitter opposition of church and state. It is a most colossal victory for Spiritualism, and the wonder is that it is not more considered and appreciated by Spiritualists than it appears to be.

If, within the next fifty years, Spiritualism will do as well in establishing the Spiritualistic origin of its phenomena, its victory will then be complete, and the future historian will record the twentieth century as the one in which the proofs of a future life were established and universally accepted.

It will be seen, then, that Spiritualism, having established the truth of its phenomena, has yet to establish their Spiritualistic origin. I do not believe this task will be as difficult of accomplishment as was the former, for we only knew how many people in the world are convinced by undeniable proofs of the spiritual origin of these phenomena, for who, for various reasons, are non-committal and silent about it, we would about conclude that, virtually, this task is already accomplished.

But we are yet obliged to encounter such men as Brother Jamieson, who antagonize the Spiritualistic origin of our phenomena, accepted as genuine. He thus writes: "I put my own explanation, that the phenomena are 'wholly of human origin,' against the Spiritualists' theory of spirit outside of earthly body." One would suppose from this quotation that he has but one explanation upon which he depended, and which he trots out against the Spiritualists' theory, but in another place in the same article from which the above is taken, he acknowledges that he is charged by the Rev. Moses Hull, with having so many explanations, that he (Hull) was afraid they would "kill each other." It is probably an advantage to the skeptic to be thus provided with a large number of explanations for if one fails, another can be employed, and so on, ad infinitum.

In view of Brother Jamieson's position as developed by our controversy, there was nothing left for me to do but to furnish some of my experiences for one or more of the explanations which he "puts against the Spiritualists' theory of spirit outside of earthly body." Up to this date, I have furnished quite a number of these experiences, but at this writing, September 1, 1903, have seen no explanations of them from his pen. I have therefore not contributing them too rapidly for "The Progressive Thinker" to publish, or Brother Jamieson requires more time in making selections from his large stock of explanations, to suit each particular experience.

But I did not intend to write such an extended preface to the experience or true story I will now relate.

Some years ago, one Sunday night, about 11 o'clock, I was called hastily, to see a Mrs. Anderson, an old lady, of about 80 years of age, perhaps older, and residing but a few squares from my residence. When I arrived at her bedside, she was dead. Standing around her bed were three or four persons, and myself discussing her sudden departure. One of the daughters finally asked me if I thought she had died. I said, "I am sure she has." I then turned to her deceased mother, her false teeth, which request I complied with at once. A year or more subsequently, in one of Mrs. Hibbits' séances, a voice purporting to be that of Mrs. Anderson, addressed me, and to satisfy me that it was she, she was talking, reminding me of the above mentioned circumstance, with other tests, equally convincing.

Upon another, similar occasion, I was hastily summoned to the bedside of Col. Chas. A. Bollinger, mayor of the city of Fort Wayne. Upon approaching his bedside and placing my hand over his heart, I said as gently as I could to his wife, who was kneeling by the bed, that his heart had ceased to beat. She arose, placed her arms around me, and implored me not to say that he was dead, but to do something quick. Although satisfied of the futility of resorting to any measure looking to his restoration, I administered a hypodermic injection of a powerful stimulant, but, of course, to no avail. A short time after his funeral, which was one of the largest ever witnessed (trumpet) given by a medical science (trumpet) given by a medical science, by the name of Mrs. Barrett, who, with myself and two others, constituted the entire circle. It was not long until a voice through the trumpet called me by name. I asked whose it was, when the response came, "Zollinger."

"What?" said I. "Mayor Zollinger?" Having answered in the affirmative, he went on and detailed minutely everything that happened during my stay in his room, voluntarily, without my asking a single leading question. No one in the circle, but myself knew that I had been called to see him.

Is it at all surprising that Prof. Hudson exclaims, "The man who denies the phenomena of Spiritualism to-day, is not entitled to be called a skeptic; he is simply ignorant?" I await Brother

## SCIENCE AND FAITH.

Funeral in Buffalo—Geo. H. Brooks—Scientific Stars Good for Skeptics.

Just home from Buffalo, where I went to join the friends of Nathaniel Hunt, whose body was cremated under the auspices of the G. A. R., September 16. Short services were held by the writer at the house, then all went to the First Spiritual Temple, corner of Jersey and Prospect, now owned by Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson, and there the gospel of Spiritualism was presented, and its blessings received by the family and friends, after which the Grand Army took charge of the remains and conducted their services at the crematory.

Mr. Hunt was a man of much merit, loved and honored by all who knew him. He was for many years a generous supporter of the First Spiritual Church, and Mrs. Hunt, his wife, was several years president of the Women's Union, which co-operated with the church and rendered valuable aid to its work. She accepted the situation with cheerful fortitude and exemplifies her faith in this time of trial, proving that Spiritualism is good to live by and die by, and blesses all who live its teachings.

I met many of the faithful who appreciate their blessings and give their influence to the cause.

Rev. B. F. Austin is speaker for the church at the Temple this month, and I heard flattering accounts of his work. He has packed audiences, without any sensational tests advertised to "draw." That speaks well for him and quite as well for the people who hear him. I reached home at 10:15 p. m. Thursday, and found Mrs. Howe as I left her, wrestling with an attack of stomach and bowel trouble, which I hope is to be but temporary. On my arrival I was greeted with several letters—from Geo. H. Brooks, whose boy ordered him home from Lily Dale without making us a call. That new master will hold George in respectable limits, the more undying for his diminutive stature. The very appearance of babies makes them the most exacting and best obeyed tyrants. When he is as tall as his father, he will lose much of the magic authority due to his present newness in the family make-up and his dependence upon those he commands.

Brother Brooks has been chairman at Lily Dale some six or seven years, and his word has been authority for most of us. When he said no smoking near the auditorium, we took our pipes out of our mouths, looked sheepish and wondered if he meant us, and if any body else had seen us smoking in a crowd of 2,000 ladies and gentlemen! When he said be quiet and give the medium your best thought, we quieted and tried to think of something good, such as tobacco, beer, onions, and a sharp scarp with our wicked neighbor, who refused to go to hell our way. So George Harvey Brooks was our boss. He enjoyed it, and so did we, and when we refused to mind, at once he laughed at us, and we laughed back, until he forgot our sin, and thought of another chance to boss us about our tardiness in arriving at church and our disposition to gossip about Brooks' baby. Well, it was just fun to see him do it, and to observe the flesh—or fat—accumulate on his bones every time the name of Master George Raymond Brooks was sprung on the very appearance of babies makes them the most exacting and best obeyed tyrants. When he is as tall as his father, he will lose much of the magic authority due to his present newness in the family make-up and his dependence upon those he commands.

I note with interest that Brother Jamieson is still trying to find out what he thinks about science, and still trying to limit his capacities to a bundle of facts arranged in order like a challenge of ten pins ready for a master strike in a game of rolling. There they are, sir! See those facts, all classified, all standing on end with a chip on their shoulder demanding the worshipful allegiance of critical skeptics, who believe nothing that they know, and know nothing that they believe; and are not sure that they know anything, or that any of the records of facts are true—except those about meteoric showers. They occurred "thousands of years ago" and "have been reported by the most reliable authorities." Good! Brother Jamieson has faith in things that were reported "thousands of years ago." Somebody saw them and told the story to somebody who believed it, and the stars fell from heaven! Of course they did, because stars are scientific facts, and they arranged themselves in becoming order so that they could be classified, and canonized as science, to convert skeptics and convince doubters that stars were real things—not ghosts or beliefs—"thousands of years ago." That is stargazing, chasing itself down the centuries a thousand years" with a cat-o-nine-tails tied to a long crooked handle of Jamieson faith! I did not see them, but of course, they are scientific, because, well, because!

LYMAN C. HOWE.

## A DYING VISION.

I sat by my dear friend's bedside. As her life was ebbing away; Her eyes had the light and beauty, Of the land of eternal day.

"They have come," she said, most joyful, As visions of earth grew dim; "Open wide the doors and windows, Let the angel band come in."

Her head sank back on her pillow, As her bark shot beyond the bar; On her face came a look so peaceful, No sorrows of earth could mar.

In wealth, she had never waded, But sorrowed with those who grieved, And all who stood by her bier said, "We are better that she has lived."

Gibson, Pa. D. L. BURROWS.

## Jamieson's explanation of the foregoing.

H. V. SWERINGEN.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

## REFLECTIONS.

Concerning Temptation and Human Weakness.

Is it best to face evil or to shun it? Should it not depend upon circumstances and upon the individual? Those who go into evil places with full knowledge of the surrounding and with the long purpose of lifting up and strengthening the weak and doing good are worthy of all praise, unless they themselves lack the requisite strength and wisdom, in which case they are to be pitied. The innocence that is based upon ignorance, however, will find itself in danger whenever it undertakes such a task. Whosoever unwittingly walks into a slimy pool in the dark is likely to be soiled just as much as though he deliberately walked into it in the daylight. Recently several boys were playing and climbing near some electric wires. One of them was dared to touch the wires. He did so with fearlessness that was admirable if rightly directed; but he lost his life.

Special fitness for work among the degraded is required by those undertaking such work, including constant watchfulness, patience and perseverance, and the possession of the very strongest spiritual and moral qualities. The moral muscles should not be strained by seeking temptation needlessly, just to show strength and for self-glorification. It might result in a breakdown.

In endeavoring to prevent or to abolish an evil it is best to try and view it from an opponent's standpoint. For instance, take a fight against opening a beer garden near a school. It is said that in Germany men frequently go with their families to the beer gardens without thought of injury. In England it is a common practice for families a little distance from home to seek refreshment in "public houses"—these saloons serving as a connecting link to the old-time inns. Many of the foreign-born citizens of Chicago, therefore, see no danger in anyone in beer gardens. To gain their cooperation it is necessary to prove to them that such places are a temptation to youth, in whom may be created or awakened an uncontrollable appetite which leads to the lowest depth of moral degradation; also to point out to them that the rooms for hire for immoral purposes, which are understood to be usually connected, are the natural sequel of becoming frequenters of these resorts.

There are so many in this city who drink intoxicants in what they call "moderation," that anything approaching prohibition would be strongly resisted. Curtailment of the opportunity to purchase liquor would be deemed an infringement of personal rights. It is undesirable and injurious to the general welfare to have law looked upon with contempt. Yet an item from Terre Haute, Ind., read that "John McMahon, captain of a fire company, committed suicide with poison because after seventeen years of abstinence from intoxicants the old habit reassured its power over him." Possibly he was tempted or persuaded by his undoing. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The remedy is in knowledge which shall give power to resist injurious cravings and which shall make society careful in the examples and temptations it sets forth.

"Lead us not into temptation" is the cry of weak humanity; but it is nevertheless the offspring of wisdom. There is nothing impure in a picture or statue of the naked human form; yet if the sight of one causes feelings of sensuality, is it not best to turn the eyes away? Beware, however, of assuming that all others are similarly affected. It is unjust for this reason alone to condemn those who possess such works of art. In all things discretion should be used and judgment be soundly based.

Seek not temptation's lure, yet walk without a fear; Where'er stern duty calls, your path keep straight and clear; Crush noisome-smelling weeds that snare and trip the feet; All trifling faults or crimes—thus shall your life be sweet.

ALEXANDER SPENCER.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

Amiability is a favorite child of good will, as spite is of jealousy. It needs a mountain of deceit to dupe the righteous. Conventionalism is mental slavery. Jealousy creates ill-feeling, hatred and ill-will.

Feelings of joy always follow in the wake of spontaneous or involuntary sympathy.

Theories upon conditions foreign to our environments are not always applicable.

What we take for pride in others is often but our own repelling them.

Intuitive knowledge is wisdom—truth arising from an awakened soul.

The power expended in controlling others robs the individual of a like amount for self-control. The ambition for ruling is a morbid sense of the will, inherited from past misdeeds.

Ill-will centered on the individual instead of the evil in him becomes hatred.

When sympathy vibrates above selfish love; charity above righteousness; kindly feeling above prejudice, soul happiness begins.

What mind or heart disagrees with is always an unwelcome truth, and is frequently doubted or rejected on that account.

Actors must be able to play a part off as well as on the stage to be successful—second nature expressing itself no less volens.

Charity is to a social organization what patriotism is to a nation—the cement which unites its members and upholds its pillars. The reverse means disintegration.

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

I think you might dispense with half your doctors, if you would only consult Doctor Sun more, and be more under treatment of those great hydropathic doctors, the clouds.—Beecher.

## SLAVERY OF CUSTOM.

Mourning for the Dead—Solace of Spiritualism.

The events of Pope Leo's decline, death and funeral were brought prominently before the people of America through the daily papers. There were great flourishes and demonstrations made all along the line of these events as great as it was in the power of Catholics to make them—all done to glorify the Catholic religion and give the church a tremendous boost.

And now the question arises, Is it the proper thing to do for Spiritualists to publicly express sympathy or condolence for persons who go into mourning? Any ordinary intelligent person ought to be in such cases, to counteract and overcome sorrow by the light of their knowledge of a future life for all.

Some folks say, "We are naturally overcome with grief and sorrow at the loss of dear friends, and we cannot help it." Probably the dear friends are not lost to us, although they have disappeared from sight. It is questionable if excessive grief is natural to those who understand Spiritualism. Perhaps fashion, custom, habits of thought and education have a preponderant influence. Perhaps old religious beliefs have control.

Why should we succumb to sorrow and go into mourning? Why can we not help it? Are we Spiritualists in name only? Such proceedings indicate that we are unworthy representatives of Spiritualism. In fact we do not represent the facts of our philosophy. If we are going to be true to our profession, the most appropriate time and place to show it is a funeral occasion.

Some people say the crude barbarians are vain and idiotic in their weeping and wailing for the dead, in their ideas and actions at a funeral, but the same thing in meaning and effect is done in our home land in a different style, by other demonstrations.

What shall we say in reply to the opponent of Spiritualism who stands off and makes such remarks as follows: "You Spiritualists are in the same boat with us in mourning for the dead. You are deceivers and don't practice what you preach. You claim knowledge of a future life and communication with the dead which is balm for wounds and solace for sorrow—all nice to think of and talk about, but no practical value. If we are honest, we must confess there is some truth in that argument as it has been developed in some instances in which it is a just rebuke.

People have been expending their love and money on coffins, funerals, graves and monuments in an age when men are supposed to be wise. It has been said that \$75,000,000 are annually expended in this country for funeral expenses. Among the slaves to custom, the rich indulge in expensive funerals, and the poor and middle classes imitate them, in some degree, to be in fashion. Following in the train are the needless expenses of coffins, hearses, emblems of mourning, carriages, mourning costumes, processions, forms and ceremonies, and finally costly grave-stones or monuments—utterly useless to the living and the dead—erected in cemeteries, rarely seen or thought of by the living multitude. Such irrational custom rests on no practical basis, not on common sense or reason.

How much better it would be for our world if a rule were established for all alike, by which the expensive show and waste of time and money could be avoided.

"Death levels all distinctions," and the dead body is of no more consequence than old cast-off clothing, and nothing should be wasted on the dead when there is so much needed among the living. We hope the time will come when customs will change, and the rich and poor will be the same respect to the dead, and people will do away with expensive funerals, and cremate corpses, which can be done at small expense.

The common ideas of death have been shrouded in gloom. The pages that have set forth the fact of death are filled with terror. Curiously enough, some of the most gloomy figures associated with death have come from Christianity, and yet it started in its career by virtue of the greatest of all beliefs—victory over death. And yet, to judge from the gloomy observances, mourning weeds and the like, amid the notes of the funeral dirge, we would think that death meant no rebirth into a new life but utter extinction. Mourning, pallied with grief and woe, stand appalled at the pitiful corpse and bend their raining tears on clouds of clay.

Theologians have taught that death was an afterthought—that God made this fair earth and made man perfect and intended that he should live here in the resurrection plan. Souls never rest in that sense. Life is a perpetual motion. Careless mortals may have rest from material work, but such awaken to a life of spiritual activity in which work becomes a pleasure.

There is a lingering feeling which should be dispelled, that our spirit friends are especially honored when we decorate their graves or erect tombstones to their memory. Your friends are attracted to you, not because their bodies are interred or ashes preserved in your vicinity, but because you are here and you attract them.

There are some moments of your appreciation, of their worth where it can be best made use of to carry forward the work they are now interested in. They have become invis-

## HEARD HER BOY'S VOICE.

Experience for the Benefit of Doubters.

The article in The Progressive Thinker of August 1, from N. B. Freeland, expressing my opinion of Spiritualism one year ago; but after my only child, a boy of seven, was taken from me, I could not endure the thought that he was annihilated, and I said if there is a truth in Spiritualism I will know it. There were no mediums here that I could consult, and if there had been I would not have consulted them, for fear of being deceived, but I did all that I could alone to receive some sign or evidence that my boy still existed. I sat in as passive and receptive state as I could put myself in, but I will admit it was far from either. I read everything on the subject I could get; some articles I read seemed reasonable, while others seemed most unreasonable, and after about a month of earnest search for some light on the subject, after reading an article that seemed more unreasonable than any I had read before, I threw down my paper and said:

"Death may not end all, but I don't know it, and I don't believe anyone else does. And the tiny spark of hope that had been in my heart departed, and I gave way to my grief more utterly than I had ever done before. I wept until I was nearly exhausted, till I was crying as sometimes children do after a hard crying spell. I hadn't a thought in my mind or a hope in my heart, and then I heard my boy's voice as plainly as I ever heard it in my life, 'Mamma! Mamma!'"

Instantly my thoughts came rushing back into my mind and I knew no more then—but I knew—I knew at last that he was not dead, only changed so I could not see him. The impression that his words gave me was that he was crying and screaming as he had as he could, trying to make me hear him; and several times the next day these words were impressed on my mind in such a way that I knew that he said them to me, "I make you hear me, didn't I, mamma?"

I did not hear the tones of his voice like I did at first, but I intuitively knew that he was glad and proud and happy as he could be because he had at last made me hear him.

I have had much evidence since then, but I have worked earnestly and patiently for it, and I sincerely believe that anyone that really tries and has patience will learn the truth, and feel the joy of knowing "There is no death; they live and love us still." And I wish to say to all doubters, Don't give up trying to know, for there is no other joy on earth equal to this knowledge.

MRS. J. H. MCCLURE.

Douglas, A. T.

## Gravity is a Separate Sense.

The conscious senses by which we become acquainted with or take note of physical sensations are ordinarily said to be five. But this enumeration was made ages ago when man was incapable of making nice distinctions. We maintain that the sense of weight is peculiar and distinct, and does not belong to feeling. Suppose there be several metal balls of similar size and color on a table. Can any one by simply feeling tell which is the heaviest? or even guess their weight by touch? But the moment they are taken up a new quality is perceived which is due to our sense of weight and its nature is independent of feeling or touch. The sense of weight is a measurably perceptible barometric changes when the air is lighter or denser or when a person rapidly changes his altitude. It is an interesting question: Does a decarated spirit wholly lose this sense of weight? As they have the power of passing through matter it is doubtful if they can discern if a body be heavy or light. In other words their sense of gravity is abolished or exterminated.

C. H. MURRAY.

able to mortal sight yet actively engaged in doing what they love best to do for mankind.

The kind things you wish to say of friends after they have gone from your sight, say them before they go. The things you would like them to need and can enjoy them.

We cannot honor or win the approval of departed friends by uselessly afflicting ourselves, by weeping where their bodies lie, or decorating grassy mounds; but we can verily commune and co-operate with their living spirits by engaging with them in some useful service to perpetuate their work and memory. We shall meet them again in the spirit realms. The great consolation of undying human love is beyond all price, a sacred heritage and the closest tie that binds the race in bonds of fellowship and common destiny.

All people who accept the fact that the spirit of man triumphs over death and the grave, and returns from the other life with ability to make known its presence and hold intelligent communication with mortal friends, have no matter what else they believe or disbelieve. The new gospel gives us knowledge in place of faith or theory—gives a basis for our hopes, founded upon natural laws that are forever harmonious with reason.

When we see that our friends are taken from us, that it must be so, we should gracefully yield to the inevitable and be reconciled to the situation. If grief-stricken mourners could realize that their departed friends are freed from physical suffering and in better environments on a higher plane of being, they would have good reason to rejoice.

"Why should we grieve and bow the head Like those bereft of hope? For well we know the risen soul Has now a wider scope."

A. H. NICHOLAS.

Summerland, Cal.

What a man worships or permits to control him is his God.

## "COSMIC VISITORS."

Sargis' Reply to an Article by the California Philosopher.

To the Editor:—Returning home after an absence of several weeks, I was surprised to find an article in the Progressive Thinker of August 1, signed "Visitors," by Prof. Dawbarn, the "Sargis" philosopher. As all "vibrations" that are printed from that philosophical, psychological and ornithological center are carefully read and studied by all interested in the very newest kind—of thought, so this latest received like deferential perusal. The article itself has all the features of the style so familiar—a self-satisfaction that finds expression in a tone that is inferior, and while it is flattering over its own elevation, crushes presumption with ponderous irony.

The allusion is disclosed at the outset in his styling reported sayings as "Revelations by Sargis," and subjecting that unfortunate to be trod under foot by that prosaic humanism.

To speak from the common vibratory level, the enunciation is evidently and simply spurious. The office of the spleen of a physiologist function is as yet unsettled by his favorite "old teachings," yet its assumed office in the moral or emotional plane is proverbial. But in the more expressive vocabulary of the under-world it would be called "spite." At least that coloring is suggested by the elaborate and ponderous humor so persistently directed at "Sargis." As he was simply a reporter and expressly refrained from an opinion, pro or con, as to what was reported, ordinary perception fails to see why the burden of San Leandro fulmination should be at him. So far as anything Sargis says is concerned he might be in full accord with every position of the "old teachings." The fact that the article criticized was only a copy of an automatically conveyed communication through the hand of an educated gentleman before character and professional reputation were witnessed, who took down verbatim what was given, does not call for personal attack unless the "veridical" quality of the reporter is called in question. The "veridical" innocuous only excite curiosity as to the motive of the user.

Philosophers should be superior to spleen, yet history is almost tragic with the bitterness, animosities and fierce antagonisms of the children of genius. In fact, jealousy and resentment have ever been regarded as royal vices with the upper world of intellect. The great Newton was not exempt from these attacks of genius-temper and made his victims wonder whether the attraction of gravity or the explosive force of choleric displeasure was most acute or controlling.

How, then, should Sargis expect to escape the high dudgeon of San Leandro after once, even though in strict courtesy and good humor, asking if "vibration," in its intenser and omnipotent expression, might not sometimes assume the color of a "red" when that levity at Olympus was recalled, the wonder over the flings at the innocent reporter ceased and the revenge of genius indulgently recognized. It is all right and natural.

There is really no point in all that can be seen in the Philosopher's talk except it be to poke fun at the reporter, and any serious criticism would be simply a work of imagination. But there is one thing that is surprising. It is where he asks: "How these cosmists can automatically write the American language? ... Thought may be creative, but to assume power to create a knowledge of a foreign language is going farther than the most ardent telepathist would sanction," etc.

Were it not that this is over the signature of the San Leandro pundit, it would be incredible as from a like source. Such a criticism from any "high" teacher is matter for wonder. It belongs to the very beginnings of the study of spirit return, that spirits do communicate one with another without the aid of the physical organs. Surely Brother Dawbarn means to be facetious rather than serious in such an objection.

It is known that the control that gives the message in the language of the medium or sitter, and that it may or may not be a translation from the spirit delivering the message to the control. If the objector has not had the experience of a control speaking to a sitter a language unknown to the medium he should not ignore the testimony of those who have as not being "veridical." Spirits tell us they communicate with each other without the use of earth language. But this is only a sample of the entire article—assumed superiority and a pool-pool air that catches at "pigeon-holes," and revels in ancient moon lore, as if the time to look for tides, set hens, plant potatoes, and other "old teachings" were unaffected by the light of the twentieth century.

It is not our fault if San Leandro has not noted the wide discussion in scientific circles of these very theories as to tides, moons, and in fact the entire fabric of what may be aptly called textbook or orthodox science. Even the wonderful cult of "vibration" has not escaped the scrutiny of practical minds.

But to the original offense that called forth this effort of Sargis. It was about three years ago that in a review of "fads" and such things as "telepathy," "sub-consciousness," "subliminal," "objective," "subjective," "ego," "vibration," and all that sort of nomenclature that had crept into our literature and on our platforms, this was said:

"As to vibration—it is like the others when applied to spirit—sound—but affords a peg on which to hang unthinkable theories. To make thought dependent upon degrees of vibration is rank materialism. It is only and purely a physical concept, and no shade of etymology can give it any other. We can only recognize life from the phenomena of motion—the two are inseparable in thought. And this thought can be measured by wig-wags is unthinkable."

There is the original offense, and it is only natural as it is enjoyable to see the

return at the expense of the "High Spirit." It is not called for here to discuss the matter of vibrations, nor to defend the statements of the "High Spirit" for neither of which is this reporter responsible, but the concluding sentence of Brother Dawbarn's article may be noted. He says:

"As it is not possible that we herein get a glimpse of the mighty power of suggestion over even High Spirits, and that the editor medium was thus himself shaping the whole communication out of his own dreams and experience."

Well, well, how can you answer that? The medium is dead, and to say that he was the most astonished of men at these strange utterances, so at variance with all his education and thought, could only rest upon the word of the reporter, and his testimony already queried by the critic as to its being "veridical"—yet such was the case. The medium as a matter of fact was utterly ignorant of any mediumship except his own, never having had an experience with a medium but once, and that not privately. Nor was he given to occult things, but the reverse, and was a critically conscious while reading off the message that without volition came by his hand.

But the plain facts upset the theory that spirits cannot communicate save the vibrations on the part of sitter, medium and spirit are equal, or that the vibrations of the sitter suggestively control those of the spirit and compel a message to correspond to the suggestion. Or the spirit strikes the vibration of the sitter and reads back his own thought to him. If that is not it—what is it?

We have read carefully, studiously and admiringly, in a sense, all that Brother Dawbarn has written in The Progressive Thinker, but owing to the want of a proper vibratory rapport, or something, can only make out his position as something like this: (1) There is a spirit world. (2) There are spirits in it who were once inhabitants of this earth. (3) That these spirits—some of them—can and will communicate with the living. (4) That what we call spirit return is only a suggestion of our own minds "telepathically" given to the mind of the medium.

Perhaps some other mind whose vibrations are quicker, or slower, as the case may call for, can make something else out of it all, but the line to ours is there.

Now for a feeble attempt to see into this mystery: Mind, if continuous, must be of the same nature in both worlds, both conditions of life. If so, then the superior mental endowment should be as capable of putting itself on the plane of the inferior in one as in the other. In this mortal life the whole scheme of teaching and instruction from the kindergarten to the university is founded on the ability of the teacher to so enter into the nascent pupil mind as to lead it out into the planes of knowledge. It is what the mother mind does to that of the child. Her lullaby is not the suggestion of the child mind controlling her, but the self-promoting tender inspirations of her own wisdom, needs of the child. So it is, or so it logically ought to be, that when translated to spirit life she returns to her still child, and she, always ready, ready of adaptability to harmonize with the material environed conceptions of her mortal child, leading it up nearer to her own. And so with wise spirits—or according to common sense, human beings, must be of the same nature in both worlds, both conditions of life. If so, then the superior mental endowment should be as capable of putting itself on the plane of the inferior in one as in the other. In this mortal life the whole scheme of teaching and instruction from the kindergarten to the university is founded on the ability of the teacher to so enter into the nascent pupil mind as to lead it out into the planes of knowledge. It is what the mother mind does to that of the child. Her lullaby is not the suggestion of the child mind controlling her, but the self-promoting tender inspirations of her own wisdom, needs of the child. So it is, or so it logically ought to be, that when translated to spirit life she returns to her still child, and she, always ready, ready of adaptability to harmonize with the material environed conceptions of her mortal child, leading it up nearer to her own. 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And so with wise spirits—or according to common sense, human beings, must be of the same nature in both worlds, both conditions of life. If so, then the superior mental endowment should be as capable of putting itself on the plane of the inferior in one as in the other. In this mortal life the whole scheme of teaching and instruction



## IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

### THE TWO WORLDS, MANCHES-TER, ENGLAND.

Queen Victoria and Spirit Communism.

In the Strand Magazine for June Mrs. Helene Vassaresco, maid of honor to the Queen of Romania, the charming Carmen Sylva, relates her impressions of Queen Victoria, and incidentally touches upon the belief in spirit communism so strongly held by the late sovereign. Her Majesty had been questioning Mrs. Vassaresco concerning her ideas in music and art, and presently remarked:

"How wide apart lie your ideals! I am so fond of music myself, I have reviewed the biographies of the great musicians. They all have had such sad and thrilling experiences. I have till quite lately played on the piano, and even practiced whenever I found time enough to do so, because I ever remember the happy days when my darling husband opened the instrument lid and said to me: 'Go to the music and play.' I loved Mendelssohn—and pointed out the passages he wanted to hear. Now I am rather ashamed to play, I am such an old woman. One day one of my youngest granddaughters caught me practicing and laughed at me. 'Why, grandmother, how can you practice now, and what for?' Her remark struck me. I left off playing for some time. But then, you see, my dear husband taught me to love all things beautiful and good—I learnt to seek them for his sake now I return to them in memory of him. You cannot guess to what extent my life is interwoven with the life of the dead. I only feel alive when I close communion with the dead. My prayers lead me toward them. Their spirits and their power guide me. I am sure that the dead have loved play constantly in favor of the living."

"I then took occasion to relate to Her Majesty how tender and true was the love which the villagers in Romania bestow on their dead, and how many touching ceremonies and songs point out this particular trait of our national instincts."

"Further, the queen said: 'I am studying Hindustani just now. Don't laugh—I am very old, but I have always lived up to a precept which I advise you to remember: 'We must always live as if we were immortal.'"

"In my opinion," says the writer, "all the power and bliss of Queen Victoria's life and influence are explained by those words. With a quiet, melancholy smile she added: 'Then will death come to us like a radiant light, like the wonderful and unlooked-for boon; then will the joy of seeing again those we have loved be most startling and complete.'"

### Startling Proof of Clairvoyance.

One of the most interesting records of clairvoyance we have ever read reaches us from an esteemed correspondent. He says:

"Perhaps this instance of clairvoyance and its proof will be of interest to some of your readers. When a child of six years my home was in a small village in Leicestershire. In the autumn of 1884 our rector (who was a very old man) was ill, and our family were much concerned about his condition. As our little were bound by a solemn oath to our church and himself, my mother being organist and my father churchwarden, and a personal friend. One evening my elder sister, my self, and a baby brother were sent for a walk in charge of a nursemaid and a work apprentice. We went further than was intended, and as it was growing dusk on returning it was decided that to reach home the quicker we should go through the garden, but as we reached within fifty yards of the gate I saw a speck of white just on the outside. As I looked, it enlarged until it seemed a square of white paper. We stood still, and it continued to grow until it was a pillar of white, about eight to ten feet high, then slowly turn to the form of our rector, dressed in his surplice, hood and stole, as we had been accustomed to see him, the surplice being of a peculiar fashion not seen nowadays. I, though only a child, thought a great deal of this, but did not dare to say anything, as I was of an imaginative nature, so my parents and I knew they would check me by saying I had dreamt it. That same hour that we saw the phenomena proved the time of the passing on of our rector. Time went on till 1899, when I came in contact with the same nursemaid and apprentice, and the conversation came round to ghosts. I related this experience to them, when I was astonished to see their looks towards each other. I said, 'Did you see it, too?' They answered, 'Yes, but it frightened us so we dared not talk of it.' Since then I have come to know of Spiritualism, and on visiting my elder sister I mentioned this and other experiences as a proof of clairvoyance, when she astonished me by saying she had seen it also, and had remembered details I had forgotten, and was able to bring to my mind circumstances as to how we had got home, which satisfied me that it was in reality the spirit of the rector I had seen."—E. A. H.

### THE MESSAGE OF LIFE, NEW ZEALAND.

The Invisible World—Views of John Wesley, Founder of Methodism.

From a large volume written by John Wesley, founder of Methodism, entitled "The Invisible World," we make the following extracts:

"It is true that the English in general, and indeed, most of the men of learning of Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent complaint which so many that believe the Bible to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, and in direct opposition to the other hand, that to the surface of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up of witchcraft (the control of undeveloped spirits) is in effect giving up the Bible. And they know, on the other hand, that it but one account of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castles in the air (deism, atheism, and materialism) falls to the ground."

"One of the capital objections to all the accounts, which I have known urged over and over, is this, 'Did you ever see an apparition yourself?' No, nor did I ever see a murder, yet I believe there is such a thing. Yea, and in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot, as a reasonable being deny the fact, though I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses ful-

ly convinces me of both the one and the other. (Page 2.)

"Elizabeth Holston was born in Sunderland in the year 1774. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas, Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his daughter. She was a serious child, and grew up in the fear of God; yet she had a deep and sharp conviction of sin until she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenor of her behavior was suitable to her profession. On Wednesday, May 23, 1788, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with difficulty that I could prevail upon her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:

"From my childhood when any of my neighbors died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them just before, or when they died, and I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed, I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day and many of them by night. They did not appear to me in the same way as they do now. I observed that little children and many grown persons had a bright, glorious light around them, but many had a gloomy, dismal light and a dusky cloud over them."

"Perhaps the glorified spirits of just men made perfect may (says John Wesley) like the angels, be employed in carrying on the purposes of God in the world. It is said of them, 'His servants shall serve Him.'—Rev. xlii.

"Possibly, as ministering spirits, they may minister unto the heirs of salvation, and watch over the interests of those who on earth were dear to them, either by the ties of nature or religion. One of them was employed to converse with the Apostle John, and explain to him the wonderful things he saw in his visions. (Rev. xlii.)

"The sentiment for which we are pleading has the sanction of the highest antiquity. Philo speaks of it as a received notion of the Jews, that the souls of good men officiate as ministering spirits. The Pagans, in the earliest ages, imagined that the spirits of their deceased friends continued near them, and were frequently engaged in performing acts of kindness, hence the dedication of their kindred and heroes, and the custom of invoking the names of the departed. John and explain to him the wonderful things he saw in his visions. (Rev. xlii.)

"A few years ago a gentleman of character and serious carriage, who resided near St. James and lived very happily with his wife, was taken sick and died, which so affected his dear left companion that she sickened also and kept her bed."

"In about ten days after her husband's death, as she was sitting upright in bed, and a friend and near relation sitting near her, she looked steadfastly toward the foot of the bed, and said in a cheerful voice, 'My dear, I will be with you in two hours.' The gentleman who was with her (and who firmly attested the same as most true) said to her, 'Child, whom do you speak to?' (for she saw nobody). She answered, 'It is my husband who came to call me hence, and I am going to him; which surprised her friend very much, who, thinking she was a little light-headed, called somebody else to whom she spoke very cheerfully and told the same story. Before the two hours were expired she went on and up to her dear companion, to be happy together forever, to the great surprise of all present."

### Eternity.

In The Progressive Thinker, No. 720, J. T. Dow appears to be very much perplexed, and quite at sea, over the question of the length of eternity and the continuation of his own individuality, and is very anxious to gain as much light on the subject as possible.

Now he is asking too much, for there is not a person living on the face of the globe, nor a spirit in all the vast realms of the spirit spheres, that can give a definite solution of the length of eternity, only to say that it always existed, and yet they don't know.

The problem is simply overwhelming, entirely incomprehensible in its nature, and belongs to that class of psychology that is beyond the intellect of man, and has to be worked out by reason, and accepted by each individual just according to his capacity for comprehension.

But let us look at it for a moment. Suppose, as very many would say, that there had been a "first great cause" for all things, and that, at some definite period in the past, established a definite period for the beginning of eternity, what was the cause of the first great cause? And what preceded the time of that fixed eternity? Or take the Christian orthodox God—they claim that He "always" existed. How do they know? Who was ever back of "always"? How does He know Himself? for the eternally could have preceded himself.

Now Brother J. T. Dow has jumped into deep water, clear over his head and ears, and his feet can't touch bottom, and he is crying out for some one to pull him out; but let me tell him his only way to get out is to lay hold of the rope of reason that hangs just above his head, and pull himself out, until he is clear and high and dry on a safe and sound foundation.

But he asks for even an opinion on the subject. I will give mine freely: I believe that eternity is the present moment—now.

I believe that we are just as much in eternity, now, as we ever shall be.

I believe that eternity "always" existed, and that as it has always existed, so it is but reasonable to suppose that it always will exist as now, as we cannot precede time.

I believe that our spirits, the life principle, always existed, so that always, eternally, and I think that before J. T. Dow gets through the eternity of the future he will have all of the pleasure of an eternity of the future he wishes for. C. P. MITCHELL.

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## CASH AND RELIGION.

A New Syndicate of Old Enemies.

"And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together, for before they were at enmity between themselves."—Luke 23: 12.

During the late sickness of Mr. G. V. Pecci, known as Leo (Don) XIII, Pope of Rome, the press and pulp of Christendom were apparently camped on the boundary line of frenzy with acute and painful sympathy. President, kings, statesmen, priests and eminent laymen taxed the world's telegraph supply with messages of condolence, inquiry, and ardent hope. Among those anxious sufferers, the leading ministers of Protestant faith seemed to be most prominent. Their pulpits creaked under the weight of praise bestowed upon the invalid—so fulsome in character as to convey the impression they intended to canonize him before death.

"And then what a fearful wail! What a melancholy wail followed, when the vital spark quit that poor old fifty-pound tenement, it had occupied ninety-three years!

It brought to mind the anguished cry of Jeremiah, "My bowels my bowels!"—John 4: 19.

During my youth and early manhood a bitter and ceaseless warfare was carried on between Protestant and Catholic Christianity, and history informs us that ever since the days of Luther, it has raged violently but has been almost a vain and fruitless struggle. It was only a matter of time, however, before the crime and bloodshed wherever the cults were brought together. Protestantism always called Catholicism, "Mother of harlots," and Catholicism responded by pointing out Protestant churches as her "laid daughters."

What has caused this sudden reconciliation? Why have war and calumny without notice, been merged into adulation almost sickening, for the head of the largest body of the belligerents? Leo was not a great man. He was only a mild, amiable old gentleman, who if a Protestant, would have made an acceptable Sunday-school teacher. I defy the world to produce a book, (he never wrote one), a speech, a poem, or even a paragraph, of his composition, that in sentiment or words surpasses mediocrity. In fact it seems possible that his mental organization was of such an ordinary character that he might be sincere in saying, "I have heard of a man who was equally confident of being the sput to a tea-pot."

It was not therefore because a great scholar, statesman or philanthropist, had passed from earth, that Protestant and Catholic (Pilate and Herod) were so suddenly made friends.

Remove the veil. The rulers of Palestine united because a crisis was reached. Jesus of Nazareth was on trial—and truth was not safe unless the truth was crucified.

The cause that led to the cessation of arms between the guilds of Christianity, is not found in the appearance of a new and promising flock of goats with milk of blue-green odor, but can be traced to the personal fear of the hostiles. The leaders know that their religion is founded on myth and falsehood, and they also know that a host of the best minds of earth are equally aware of the fact. They have seen Spiritualism during the past half-century force mankind to strike with a power before unknown. They have seen their infallible books reduced to the plane of ordinary literature, and their boasted miracles become themes for the jester. Safety in abstention from labor could only be secured by combination. A syndicate of Religion and Money was their only hope. Wealth abounds in the churches. The Methodists alone raised twenty million dollars last year with little effort. Billions of property belong to the combined religions, to which silly old women of both sexes are daily adding legacies and donations. Will the leaders lift their heads from the lap of indolence and engage them in useful thought? or employ their hands with honest labor, while that vast wealth rests within their grasp. Such a sacrifice is unparalleled, and must not be expected. The height of priestly ambition is to live in idleness when the sisterhood is gracious and yellow-legged chickens roost low.

The million priests and great army of monks, nuns, colporteurs, musicians, janitors and other stipendiaries have ended the quarrel among themselves and are prepared with armed ranks and a common purpose, to make war upon free thought and personal liberty.

In the United States we may expect all the zeal of the syndicate (spell the first syllable with an I) and all its hosts will besiege legislative bodies for more stringent laws against freedom of thought and action. Many laws of that character already disgrace our statute books. We are compelled to pay all taxes on school property and give one seventh part of our time to a religious observance. These alone amount to fifteen per cent and more, of all our possessions. A self-sustaining Christianity is a thing unknown. It has been dead for more than five hundred years, and we are semi-slaves to its despotism to-day.

But the new combination will demand more power and strive to bind us with stronger fetters than the divided sectaries could secure. There will be efforts made for summary laws, hitherto unobtainable, and laws against speaking or writing anything the priesthood may not sanction. If possible they will order a lunatic against thoughts they do not dictate.

Let the reader's mind glance over the experience of his species in Scotland, England, Spain, and even in our own New England, when the religious power was dominant, and he will readily understand what our fate will be if the combination be successful.

It is not probable that renewed hostilities will be opened against Spiritualism. The Pope and Herod are too wise for that. They know that the fact and immune as the multiplication table. They will rather endorse it in small quantities at a time, expecting to secure absorption, and then they will insist they always believed it, and claim credit for its discovery.

And why should they not make that claim? A Catholic bishop publicly stated in Chicago that the world were indebted to Catholicism for the discovery of America, because Columbus was a Catholic. It follows that the Methodists discovered Spiritism, for the Fox family were Methodists.

My fifty-five years forbid much activity in the coming struggle, but I see plainly a great and decisive battle must be fought. I trust that all young and active lovers of personal liberty may view the situation as I do and "Saddle white Surry for the field."

J. CLEMENT SMITH.

Topeka, Kansas.

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## OH, IF PEOPLE ONLY KNEW!

What their neighbors truly are, Could they but see the truth.

"And not the clothes they wear." Then their sympathies would double, But they don't—and there's the trouble.

Could they only learn to follow, As they should, "Golden Rule," Could they look on one another As on children sent to school, Where a kind and loving teacher Smiles a welcome at the door, And never asks the question "Are you parents rich or poor?" But with an accented tender Accepts them as they are, And expects they'll stumble often Ere they reach the golden stair, Where the sainted ones are waiting, Who have passed the "gates ajar," And where their Christlike, lighted, Is faceless as a star— Oh, could they thus, how blessed, How beautiful would be All the lives that now seem blighted By a cruel destiny!

Oh, if people only knew What their neighbor's burdens are, Could they read the secret truly Of their sorrow and their care, Then would their charity be doubly But they don't, and there's the trouble!

Could they only leave their scolding, Their haughtiness and pride, As the earth-worm leaves its larva To rot beneath the sod, And, on radiant wings disporting, Sips honey from each flower, Nor harms the purest chalice That opens to its power— Could they learn the love that's gentle, Compassionate and true, That knows the rudest nature To chasten and subdue— Could they leave their saintly seeming, When their heart is full of guile, And their mouth is full of lies, Oh, could they thus, how peaceful Would be the paths of life! How changed to words of sweetness Would be its sounds of strife!

Oh, if people only knew When they pass each other by, How much of truth and beauty Is hidden from their eyes, In the forms they hardly notice, Or notice but to spurn, How would their footsteps falter, And how their hearts would turn From the things that they worship With the idols of earth. Oh, how great would be the homage They would pay to wealth of worth! And how soon their joys would double, But they don't, and there's the trouble.

Human pride and human sorrow Walk the green earth side by side, And though we cannot see them passing, "That the Savior had not died," Had not lived 'er told or sorrowed To teach us how to live, How to labor for the lowly, How to suffer and forgive, One so cold, so stern and stately, And the other all so meek, With a look of patient waiting, Playing over brow and cheek, Oh, pride! Oh, silent sorrow! How far we dwell apart! And yet how near the Father Is every human heart!

Oh! if people only knew How their gossiping and lies Are woven in the taelment They wear to angel eyes— Could they only see the shadows Of their hatred and their scorn, As they flit across their pathway, And the bitterness that's born In the spirit of the hated, Oh, how quickly would they turn From the falsehood to uncover, All their hatred to unlearn, Then how their joys would double! But they don't, and there's the trouble.

Let us trust the time is coming In the seasons yet to be, When men will wear the mantle Named of angels' charity. For not to none is given, Who hath the truth forewarned, The scorner or the scorned, Let us judge each other kindly, And ne'er with jealous eyes, For, to read the lesson clearly, "There are angels in disguise."

All about our paths they wander, Wearing off a humble guise, Or looking at us meekly Out of pleading human eyes, And above the embracing heaven, With playing star-eyes thronged, Is a love that's safely guiding Both the wronger and the wronged.

Oh, if people only knew How deep this love and true, How strong to lift the fallen, And the haughty to subdue, Oh, how their faith would double! But they don't, and there's the trouble.

But there'll come to every mortal An unveiling from toll and care, A release of the spirit, And a fairer garb to wear, We may stumble and grow weary On our homeward journeying, But we'll reach life's shining portal, We'll climb the golden stair, Leading up to joys immortal, "And we'll know each other there."

Shirley, Mass. BELLE BUSH.

HOME.

Let others sing of battle's jars, Of conflict fierce and dying moan, Of heroes of destructive wars, I sing the peaceful song of home. The urbane life, the quiet cot, With wife and children, love and ease, And all our better selves forgot— Where build the hopes that only please.

I love to romp with John and Jane, To tote our baby on my knee, And teach them that the world is vain, And full of wrong and misery. That pride, ambition, greed of gold, Has drenched the earth in human gore, And brought disasters manifold That wisest judgment must deplore.

I love to see the well-kept yard, The lawn so green and newly mown, The walks as perfect, and as hard As Egypt's, squared and polished stone.

I love to see the vines climb high, And how they quickly wind and twine, And swell the odors as they fly From magnolia and sweet sweet-peas.

A lovely home—God bless the spot! And guard from every care and strife, And bless such children's happy lot, The noble, true, and tender wife. There are no thoughts that thrill my heart.

Whose fate may bid me roam, And those which claim its better part— Of "mother's love" and "peaceful home." B. F. SLATER.

Kansas City, Mo.

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## OBSESSION.

The Interesting Experiences of an Investigator.

(Continued from No. 722.)

I suppose that many of those who read my first article will believe that I plunged into Spiritualism without thought or consideration, and in order that they may better understand me, I wish to say for twenty years prior to my investigation I had studied physiology, psychology, phonology, hypnosis, anything pertaining to psychology or metaphysics had been my hobby. I had discovered back in the seventies that I had good hypnotic power, and demonstrated the truth of it a number of times.

I believed the Spiritualists, as a rule, to be an honest but deluded people. I believed that all the phenomena they produced could be accounted for by the sciences. I had had many remarkable experiences in telepathy. I did not believe I knew that there was much in it, so when I began my investigation I did not think I could be deceived by any hypnotic influence or trick which any one might attempt to impose.

But as I had no evidence that such was the case, it passed as a thought only, yet it fitted me—to give credence, should anything occur in the seance-room in this direction beyond what I considered the ordinary.

This was my mental bias when I attended the first trumpet seance given by Mr. Hames, that I mentioned in my first article. I was not sure what occurred at that seance. Soon after it opened I was greeted by a feminine voice which said: "I declare if there isn't Mr. Dailey."

I said: "Yes, I am Mr. Dailey, and I am glad that you have come. Now will you please tell me your name?" She said her name was Lottie Heston. I said that I was sorry, but that I could not recognize her by that name.

She said: "Oh I know you. I know you and you know me. Do you not remember that thing you had fixed up to get the logs on, and that one of the logs fell on you and crushed you?"

I could not recall the circumstance and she seemed to be greatly chagrined at my stupidity. I was not sure what she returned to my home and tried to recall the incident. I could not sleep, and about midnight it began to dawn on my mind that there had been a similar occurrence somewhere at some time. I was full of anxiety, and on the following day my mind was clear on the subject.

Sixteen years prior to other parties and myself purchased a tract of timber land. We employed a man to move a saw-mill on the premises, to cut the timber. The engineer's name was Heston. He and a little girl, at the time my partners had him a scaffold on which to place the heavy timbers, the scaffold being the same height of wagon, so that the engine could readily load and remove the same to the railroad, five miles distant, where I resided. I received and shipped the lumber at the railroad, while my partners looked after affairs at the mill; therefore I did not visit the mill often. On one occasion, however, I had gone to the mill along with one of our teamsters to see how all were getting along, and was assisting in loading the heavy timbers when my hand was caught between two of them and badly crushed. I sank down in a half-way faint with the intense pain. When I recovered the two little girls were near by looking at me. My hand bled profusely and I supposed they were deeply impressed with the same. When the work was finished on this land, Mr. Heston moved to a house about one mile from where I resided. I could remember that the death of a child occurred at or about the same time at this house. This had a tendency to make me believe the test I had received at the trumpet was genuine and also to push my investigation, which I did.

Fully one year had elapsed, and while walking along a street in Red Key, Ind., I met Mr. Heston. I made inquiry concerning his hand, and he told me that he had been badly crushed, and without warning threw at Mr. Cass—so he himself told the story—her snakeskin bag, which transformed itself into a live serpent and ran at the statesman. He promptly took to his heels, whereupon the witch picked up the snake, which again assumed the appearance of a dry skin bag.

Juggling and Religion.

The Indian wizards pretend that they can perform their tricks only through the intervention of the tribal divinities; and that if the wizard and religion comes together. Information as to future events is commonly obtained by special consultation with the divinities in the so-called "magic lodge," which is a cylindrical structure of birch bark, with a framework of small poles, just big enough to contain a man standing erect. As soon as the wizard has entered the lodge begins waving violently, and there is a great rattling of bells and rattles which are fastened to the top of the lodge. Three voices are then heard in consultation: a loud one (for the Great Spirit), a faint one (for the small spirit), and the voice of the "mystery man."

A famous wizard at White Earth, Minn., made a bet with one of the government investigators that the latter could not tie him with ropes so that he would not be able to get loose at once. With the help of the local Indian agent the man was tied up in elaborate fashion and put inside of a conical wigwam to go on near him. Presently there was a great thumping noise and the wigwam began to sway back and forth. Two or three minutes later the magician called out to the wizard to come out and get the ropes. One of them went to the house and found the ropes, with all the complicated knots untied. Then the wigwam was opened and the wizard was found quietly smoking his pipe.

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## THE MAGIC OF INDIANS.

AMERICAN REDSKIN RIVAL ORIENTAL FAKIRS.

Remarkable Feats of Wizards of Primitives—Experts of Chippewa Particularly Skillful.

Redskin magic has been a subject of special investigation recently by the Bureau of Ethnology, which finds that among the American Indians there are wizards who can perform feats quite as wonderful as any of those attributed to the fakirs of the Orient. A Washington letter to the New York Herald.

In fact, there are certain tribes, such as the Chippewa, which have developed the art of sorcery to a high point. Catholic missionaries are often witnesses testify to having seen century plants two or three feet high produced within a few minutes on bare western prairies where previously nothing grew, simply, as it seemed, by a few incantations and a small amount of hocus-pocus.

This feat, which bears a likeness to the famous mango tree trick of India, seems beyond explanation, the century plants grown in the spontaneous manner described being of considerable size and apparently a dozen years old. But it is perhaps surpassed by a marvel recounted to one of the government investigators by a Jesuit priest, who said that while he was among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes he saw two wizards fetch grass up out of the ground where there had been not a sprig of vegetation. It was done within a few minutes and there was a patch of it green and growing. With his own eyes he saw it grow and grow.

The wizards among the Indians are priests. Indeed, the primitive priest all over the world has always been a magician and juggler. Juggling tricks are the most important part of his stock in trade, impressing the untutored beholders with a belief in the supernatural powers of the performer.

Wizards Known as "Dreamers."

Among the Chippewa there is a class of wizards known as "dreamers," who are supposed to be able to handle with impunity the most dangerous or to the their hands without discomfort in boiling water. A magician of this type is a "dealer in fire," and at night he may sometimes be seen flying rapidly along in the shape of a ball of fire or a pair of fiery sparks, like the eyes of some monstrous beast. The late Dr. Hoffman, of the Bureau of Ethnology, knew one of these jugglers who could take ripe red cherries from his mouth at any season of the year. He had a magic bag which would move of its own accord, and a trumpet which he blew more than suspected that the sack contained a live rat or some small mammal.

One investigator on a certain occasion saw a Menominee wizard produce two small snakes from a small empty bag. The bag was of red flannel, about twenty inches wide by thirty inches in depth, and the "mystery man" held it between his fingers by the two upper corners, so as to spread it out. Then he rolled it between his hands like a ball, to show that there was nothing inside, except a small snake. He then rolled it up again, holding it by the upper corners and holding it up, danced slowly. Presently two snake heads emerged from the top of the sack, gradually becoming more and more exposed, until their bodies protruded half a foot or so. From time to time the snakes withdrew themselves into the bag, coming out again and again retreating. When they had finally disappeared the performer rolled the sack up tightly and put it into his bosom. It seemed wonderful, but the trick was a simple one, the two snake heads (stuffed) being attached to the top of the sack, and the bodies of the snakes to the upper corner of the bag. When the wizard pulled the tape out it caused the heads to lift themselves above the edges of the bag.

Less easily explained is a bit of off-hand sorcery perpetrated once at the expense of Lewis Cass. He had gone to represent the government at a conference with the Indians at Mackinac, and in the course of a ceremonial dance, which he witnessed, he noticed an old Offway woman who took an active part in the exercises. He asked why this was, inasmuch as she seemed uninteresting, had nothing to say and did nothing except shake her snakeskin "medicine bag." Overhearing his remark, the old woman (who was known among her people as a powerful witch) became much offended, and without warning threw at Mr. Cass—so he himself told the story—her snakeskin bag, which transformed itself into a live serpent and ran at the statesman. He promptly took to his heels, whereupon the witch picked up the snake, which again assumed the appearance of a dry skin bag.

Juggling and Religion.

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## ARE THEY VIGILANT?

W. F. Jamieson Asks and Answers a Pertinent Question.

Says Brother Howe: "This is one of the fatal mistakes often made, by careful students of the occult. \* \* \* they relax vigilance, and leave unguarded many conditions that admit of fraud." I have been telling the Spiritualists the same thing for many years. "This was Owen's 'fatal' mistake; a splendid man driven to distraction," Mr. Howe says Owen did not have "absolutely fraud proof" conditions the one time he was there. Almost universally this is true of spiritual circles. Spiritualists are not vigilant.

To relax vigilance is dangerous. But what does Owen himself say concerning the forty sittings which he and four or five hundred others "witnessed"? I must defend Owen from Howe. Says R. D. Owen:

"Of all this, and especially of the precise conditions under which these materializations were obtained, the public will be better able to judge."

Mr. Owen adds: "I stake whatever of reputation I may have acquired, after eighteen years' study of Spiritualism, as a dispassionate observer, upon the genuine character of the phenomena." He said: "Four hundred and twenty witnesses saw and heard 'a spirit not of this world,' and yet were deceived, or at least were fooled easily enough, as has often happened; but when we have over four hundred who were as absolutely sure as Brother Swearingen, it is enough to make us doubt even that meteoric shower, and yet I am asked if I am not perfectly sane!"

Was there anything in the whole history of Spiritualism better attested than Owen's investigations of "Katie King"? Here was an "eye witness," who says there were four or five hundred other "eye witnesses" convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt, never "doubted for a moment," says Mr. Owen, "that they heard and touched 'a spirit from another world' in that room in Philadelphia. It was a 'physical impossibility,' ably argued Owen, for that 'living, thinking being' to be a human still belonging to this world. Positive as he was then he afterwards admitted his mistake. He should have remembered that the Spiritualists as that noble thing, an honest man, and by mankind generally held in highest esteem.

Brother Howe says, "I would like to know more about that." "I would like further evidence in this case."

What I have quoted was written by Robert Dale Owen in Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1874, published in the Banner of Light, Nov. 7.

I supposed, as Mr. Howe is an old-time Spiritualist, that he was familiar with this entire history. It seems not. As I wish to render all the assistance possible to my spiritual brethren in their tollsome search for truth, I will inform them that an article written by Robert Dale Owen, as he himself says, with the "strictest care, containing a record of what passed during these sittings," was first published in the Banner of Light, Nov. 7, 1874.

As I understand that Brother Howe is writing a "History of Spiritualism," this rich material will be valuable.

Mr. Owen, in following up his investigations subsequent to sending his report to the magazine, writes of "unsatisfactory results" (written in Philadelphia, Dec. 6, only one month after his unqualified endorsement of the "Katie King" fraud) "suspicious circumstances," "direct attempt to deceive," he said. He withdrew the "assurances" which I have heretofore given of the genuine character of the Holmes' manifestations. Let me say, in behalf of level-headed Spiritualists, that there were a number in Philadelphia who denounced the "manifestations" as the "result of imposture." Mr. Owen (before he lost "confidence" in their genuine character) published, and published, "I am sorry to know that certain Spiritualists, who have not attended a single one of the sittings for materialization \* \* \* assume to decide, in advance of personal observation, that these manifestations are the result of imposture."

Seven years before Owen's sad experience with Jennie Ferris Holmes I gave the Spiritualists of America fair warning. I completely exposed her in Chicago; but in those days of rapturous "faith," Spiritualists generally sympathized with her people as a powerful witch. Owen was so sure that he could not be mistaken, as a witness for materialization, that he staked his reputation. He admitted that his character as a "natural investigator" should suffer from a high-spirited gentleman, but he set an example of manhood that should be fearlessly followed. I despise that arrant cowardice which dare not proclaim a change of opinion when the mind perceives its own error.

Brother Howe says he "is not quite sure that he was deceived in the last part of the history." He has the evidence that he stated "there was nothing in this case that shook his confidence in the facts upon which he had built."

I do not know that any one claimed that he gave up Spiritualism on account of the Holmes' materializations. He was a Spiritualist before he saw them, and he unquestionably remained a Spiritualist to the last. Possibly Brother Howe refers to such expressions by Mr. Owen, as that he thought "there had been hundreds of materializations." In my own experience, this is what I thought for years, and freely expressed, after traveling from that Mecca of materialization, Moravia, N. Y., to Memphis, Mo. When I failed to get a clear case of a materialized spirit I said it was not to be that all. "Others," he says, "were mistaken. We then, as a result of this conclusion, that because a man is positive in his opinions is no proof that he is right. Brother Howe is as positive as Dr. Swearingen, who said in his first letter: 'Many of my contemporaries have likewise witnessed materializations the genuineness of which there is no possible room to doubt.' I have attended many materializing seances and never saw one which did not leave plenty of room for doubt. That is their weakness. I never saw one where there was no 'possibility of deception,' never saw one where Spiritualists did not, as Brother Howe frankly confesses, 'relax vigilance, and leave unguarded many conditions that admit of fraud.' The bountiful harvest of fraud proves it.

W. F. JAMIESON.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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## JOG ON, SPIRITUALISTS.

In the Sacred Name of Truth, Jog On.

To the Editor:—I notice, in your issue of September 26, a few complimentary words from the pen of our worthy sister, Miss Balfour, of Sturgis, Mich. Words undoubtedly prompted by a spirit of gratitude for benefit received from the angel world through my mediumship. Such notices give me pleasure, and much for any credit which might reflect upon me individually, but more because I feel that the divine teachings of those untiring and selfless laborers for humanity, from the unseen side of life, are understood and sometimes appreciated in their endeavors to uplift humanity.

The inhabitants of earth are ever hungering for sympathy and knowledge. "The harvest is ripe, but the reapers are few."

I am often brought to a realization of the truthfulness of the saying of one of old when he said, "Many are called, but few are chosen."

The iconoclastic period of Spiritualism is or should be closed and an organic constructive work based upon truth and altruism take its place.

During the two years that I held the presidency of the Harmonist Society of Sturgis, Mich. I endeavored to have the truth, as far as possible, given from our rostrum by all progressive and broad-minded souls, irrespective of labels or isms; for Spiritualism, as I understand it, is an all-embracing philosophy of all that appertains to the unfoldment of the individual, and our motto should be: "Accept the truth wherever found, on Christian or on heathen ground."

I am sorry to say, however, that I discovered that bigotry was not all outside the ranks of Spiritualism, but that many so-called Spiritualists are as non-progressive and need liberalizing fully as much as their orthodox neighbors, not seeming to appreciate the fact that "those who are for us are not against us," and that truth is the pearl of great price to be sought.

Mr. Evelyn Arthur See, then of Kalamazoo, Mich., now of Chicago, filled our rostrum for several Sundays. He came representative of the liberal Christian Scientists of Kalamazoo. Mr. See is an erudite scholar and logical reasoner and his lectures upon the psychic powers of man and the occult sciences, and his lecture in the present life were rare treats and highly appreciated by the progressive minds both inside and outside the ranks of Spiritualism, and could only be productive of good wherever accepted.

Many religious cults are springing into existence under various heads as "Science of Being," "Practical Christianity," and many others are appearing, and giving their practical application in life, and I say God-speed to all these noble workers by whatever name, the world needs you; but the question still remains shall we as Spiritualists with eternal progression as one of the fundamental principles upon which is based our philosophy, fossilize in our opinions and refuse these grand truths a place in our philosophy and consequently continue to be misled by the various cults, or shall we open our eyes to the truth and absorb these various cults into our philosophy, forming us into one grand liberal progressive brotherhood, with altruism our object?

I remember at an earlier day an amusing and instructive lecture given by that able and facetious speaker, Mr. O. P. Kellogg, of Ohio, the title of which was "Jog On," and homely as might seem the subject, through the mental manipulation of his talented and versatile mind, golden grains of truth were threshed from the theme for practical application in life, warning Spiritualists not to become egotists and fossils, but to remember that truth was boundless and universal, the only boundaries being the limitations we ourselves set upon our minds for receiving. I do not know whether he is still active in our ranks, or whether now resting from his labors, but while thanking him for his good work done in the past, I have in most of the societies to which my attention has been directed, felt the need of an O. P. Kellogg to preach "Jog On," Spiritualists, in the name of truth, "Jog On."

Perhaps my article is already too long, but I wish to announce ere closing that I am about to resume my work in the cause, both lecturing and holding circles, and trust that during my tour I shall meet many old and make many new friends. I earnestly hope for a change of thought we shall all learn better how to jog on up the steep of progression. Yours for the truth,

DR. E. H. DENSLOW.

Sturgis, Mich.

THE N. S. A.

Proposed Amendments to the Constitution.

To the Editor:—Kindly print the following completed list of amendments proposed by the N. S. A. at the convention in Washington, October 20-23.

(Unfinished business) Cons. Art. 10. Change the word "Thirty" on fifth line to "Sixty."

Amendment: That a quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of the majority vote of duly accredited delegates.

Amendment proposed by vote of the Ohio State Spiritualists Association: That the N. S. A. be authorized to elect a president, secretary and treasurer, who shall be trustees and with five others, constitute a board of nine trustees who shall have charge of the business affairs of the Association and shall be chosen by vote of the members of the Association.

Amendment: That the officers of the association shall be chosen in the following order, and for the terms hereinafter specified—Two trustees for four years, two trustees for three years, secretary and one trustee for two years; president, vice-president, and treasurer for one year. The president will be elected annually in company with the two other officers named in this article.

It may be well to state here, that notwithstanding a rumor to the contrary, the Regent Hotel of Washington is not damaged by fire, and it will be in readiness, with fine accommodations for all who visit the convention, as hitherto accustomed.

At the last convention, a vote was passed for the secretary to publish in the papers an outline of work to come before the succeeding convention; but this is impossible, as we have no way of knowing what will come up as new business; the election of officers, the amendments proposed, and other routine business, our people already know of. With fraternal greetings to all,

MARY T. LONGLEY.

N. S. A. Secretary.

"Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes From." "The Evolution of the Spirit From Matter Through Organic Processes, or How the Spirit Body Grows." By Michael Faraday. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life." By Lilian Whitte. An intensely interesting, spiritual book. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spirituality. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

"Buddhism and Its Christian Critics." By Dr. Paul Carus. An excellent study of Buddhism; compact yet comprehensive. Paper, 60 cents. Cloth, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life." By Lilian Whitte. An intensely interesting, spiritual book. It







# THE TRUE LIFE, AS ILLUSTRATED IN BUDDHA, CONFUCIUS AND SOCRATES.

It is a strange fact in the world's history [as set forth in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat] that it has moved forward in periods. The beginning or the close of these periods has been marked by the appearance of a great character, or, more probably, of several great characters in different parts of the world, contemporaneously. About 450 to 500 years before Jesus, Socrates began his work in Greece. Buddha at the same time began teaching in southern Asia, and Confucius in eastern Asia. It will not seem inapt if we suppose these three men to be a little nearer each other, in fact, to be together, for since their death their influence has floated together all over the world, and to-day is affecting our politics and our social affairs, as well as our religion. Suppose, then, Confucius and Buddha to be spending a few days with Socrates at Athens. Of course, as they are very distinct characters, they are here for a purpose. We will hear them holding a conference concerning the true purpose of human life.

Socrates is a dreadfully ugly-looking fellow, but you can see that he is very self-confident and very deliberate. He is sure that he has discovered the folly of his age and found the true solution of the life problem. Confucius is a smooth-faced, tall and portly man, who gives you the impression of a retired business man, but what a head! He fears nothing and is quite as sure of himself as Socrates. Buddha comes in the garb of a beggar. Socrates does not seem to know what he has on; probably Xanthippe, his wife, dressed him while he was explaining to her the model republic. No wonder her temper was tried. Confucius, on the contrary, is exceedingly careful of every fold of his dress; his silver buckles shine, while his silk robe is worn with magnificent grace. However, Buddha is quite as positive a person as either of his companions. His mendicant shirt does not hide the exquisite beauty of his form, which is not sensuous, but the ideal of vital health. His face is lovable, and yet strong, for a man's face is never lovable that is not strong. You would feel like saying, "My dear Buddha!" as soon as you saw him. Confucius reminds you of any great scientist, who is busy making discoveries that shall feed the crowd. He looks to be what we call a practical man. It is the stomach that he considers first, while Buddha as evidently is considering the soul, and Socrates cares little but for the head.

Alcibiades, a young fellow of the Greeks and a pupil of Socrates, has invited the three philosophers to his house and has spread a feast. Buddha pulls a crust from his wallet and, praying devoutly, declines anything else. Socrates supposes himself to be eating heartily, but really scarcely deigns a morsel, so busy is he talking. Confucius, with considerable ceremony, eats a hearty meal, laying aside a portion for the gods.

The feasting over, Socrates begins the discussion, "You know," he says, "my friends Buddha and Confucius, why we are met to-day. Our subject of discourse is salvation, and how to save man from sin and loss. My dear Buddha, we will first hear from you."

Then Buddha, dropping on his knees, said: "O Life! O Light of Life! O Life of My Soul! Illumine me! I am nothing; shine within me; light a lamp in my soul, that I may see myself and know thy will. Who shall overcome the earth and the world of death? Who shall find out the path of virtue, as a clever man finds out a tree? He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learned that all things are unsubstantial, he shall break the arrow of death. Salvation is to conquer the flesh, to overcome desire for life. A wise man should give up all possessions, and all desires, leaving all pleasure, calling nothing his own—the wise man thus loses the destructive force of care. No one can find peace and pure salvation in household love, in wife or in children. He who gives up all attachments of a world sort, clinging to nothing, having conquered his faculties, he is full of light and peace, and is free from this world. For the world is evil; it is our taskmaster; to love it is evil. Give all to the poor and follow me and I will show you rest. Life is to be got rid of; it is full of evil. To find God and to see him; to enjoy eternal freedom from the pains of earth living, that is the true end. Teach men to rise above their senses, to scorn love, to seek only God."

Then Socrates, although boiling full, and never having held his tongue so long before in all his life, bound, however, by courtesy, turned to Confucius, and said, "O, Confucius, is this true? What sayest thou? Is man to be saved by giving up the world and betaking himself to poverty and prayer?"

Confucius answered, "Let me first hear from you, Socrates! For I have heard so much of your wisdom that I have a longing to know if all the wonderful things said about you are really true."

Socrates said: "That, Confucius, is also my great puzzle. I am peculiarly anxious to know whether I am, as the people say, a wise man, for I really do not know. I only know that the rest are fools, and their judgment not worth a bit of copper. But my opinion is that those who adopt Buddha's ideas will end in conceit and hypocrisy. When they think they have given up all things, then will they be most completely slaves to notions, and whims, and beliefs, and feelings; and that, you know, Confucius, is worse than to be a sensualist. The sensualist lives like a beast, and is happy in his way; but the self-deceived are happy only in a lie. The world is full of devotees who give up its affairs, yet they pray and look for another world. I do not see that they differ from the rest of us. I pray, also, but even as I would throw a crust to that hungry dog here. For I think the gods may be hungry for a little attention, and what I have to spare I give them, also a cock or some trifling gift. But my opinion is, a man is saved or made better by nothing of this sort, and that he is made better by not anything else but knowledge. Salvation consists in finding out the truth; and one may do this only by hard study and questioning all things. I would question the trees, and the stones, and customs and laws, and all sorts of men, hoping to find out something to a certainty. Then I hold that a man, knowing something will never be content without knowing more, and that sets him on the road to be, after a while, master of the universe. Then, becoming master of truth, he is no longer slave and so he is free. Now, this, O Buddha! and O Confucius! seems to me clear, that to know, and that alone, will save a man."

Confucius, with the elegance of an orator and a man of the world, said: "Now, having heard the views of both my wise masters, gracious lords of wisdom, I nevertheless differ from you both. In my opinion salvation is neither by praying and meditating, nor by knowing, but by doing. Do not ask me what mystery have you solved, but what have you accomplished. For the real salvation, after all, is to enable the people to earn food enough, not to teach them how to go without food. The head cannot laugh at the stomach, but the stomach can laugh at the head. I would teach all men to labor and to love labor, to be honest in the use of what they get by labor, to be patient, enduring, self-obtained. In this way they shall conquer the earth, the rivers and the air, and the soil shall pay tribute, and men shall live happily, having abundance. Religion I would not teach, but morals. Having given the gods a share, I would let them alone, giving them no farther concern, for of this I am fully convinced that prayer is but a waste of time. One may grow a cup of rice before he can pray one grain of it into his bowl. My ideal is the nation where all men do their duty, from the prince to the humblest of the poor. Nature is our mother; all we have to do is to find her bosom, and drink the milk she furnishes. Where praying abounds, idleness and poverty abound. When a man plows not, someone in consequence suffers hunger. When a woman weaves not, someone is cold. The sweetest of all music is the whirr of the shuttle, for it sings, 'Plenty

for the poor.' There are four things that I believe in, scholarship, morality, industry, truthfulness. The doings of heaven do not concern me. The corner of all virtue is, not to do to others as you would not wish them to do to you. You, Buddha, strive to find the gods; Socrates tries to find himself; I would seek to find my neighbor. The noblest reverence is not that which is shown to unseen beings, but to our fathers and to the old people. Neither, O Socrates! do I see that knowledge always helps a man to true wisdom, for the learned men often make fools of themselves. Let us rather bend all our energies to teach them to do right things, at right time, and to make this earth a place of abundance."

"But," said Buddha, "this earth is a delusion; it involves a snare to the soul. Whoso loves the world loves a sinful thing. Life can not be without pain, therefore it is evil. It is to be endured only as it is the will of the gods."

Confucius replied, "That is the very question for us, as wise men, to settle."

Socrates added: "To despair beforehand is folly. Whoso begins with distrust the works of the gods can not have true faith in the gods."

So these great men presented each his own theory of salvation, each one seeing the earth to be not what it ought to be, and seeking for a remedy. Socrates saw how men make fools of themselves, Confucius saw how men are lazy and wasteful and Buddha saw how they are cruel and unjust. Each one approached the problem from his own standpoint; nevertheless, the problem was one and the same. Very curiously, these three men, born about the same time, about 2,400 years ago, represent the only three plans ever yet devised for saving humanity—the praying or religious method, the investigating or school method, the working or moral method, and in one way or another, after one or the other of these men all have followed. Buddha, or the religious man, has unquestionably had the most influence and followers. I am not quite certain why, unless it be that mystery has great power over human nature. Of one thing we are conscious, that there is more of the unseen about us than there is of the seen, and we are desirous of looking into the God-realm. Socrates also has had his vast power, for he is justly considered the father of philosophy. The schools of to-day, that wield paramount influence, are the result of Socratic investigation concerning salvation. The reformation of Luther was the result of a revival of the Socratic method in Europe. Then schools and universities began to multiply, and reason dethroned credulity. For 400 years the passion to know his increased. Whatever men may say in their prayers, they practically assert that the salvation of society depends on the school. Yet to-day the theory which is becoming supreme is that of work. Curiously, Confucius is coming to the front. The world is to be saved by honest deeds, by justice and industry. Shall we pray for more? Yes, most certainly. Shall we give up study? We shall only study the more. But our praying will become an uplook and an outlook, of those who trust in the victory of right doing; and our study shall have for its end not believing alone, but to lend a hand in the skilled toil that blesses the world and bars out misery. So it comes about, so far as I can see, that these three great men, whether they ever met in Athens or not, are really meeting in these days and in our modern cities.

With salvation by right doing comes to the front the toller. This is the dawn of the laboring man's era. With it comes less of faith, less of the power of teachers and philosophers; but more confidence in doing what our hands find to do. No one man, nor any single age, nor any race finds out the whole truth. It is only by bringing together the ideas of different ages and diverse races that we get a complete view of right living. Buddha shows us what it is to live for the glory of God; Socrates shows us what it is to live for the glory of truth; but Confucius, what it is to live for the glory of humanity. Are these not all one-sided and partial views? Is not the real man made only by uniting the three methods? We can not get at certain power without meditation on the infinite and ideal. Buddha is, therefore, right, but right only in part; for, while one must get away from sensualism, and so above a sense life, he must also, with Socrates, know that which is outside of himself and his relation to the universe, while, with Confucius, he must also learn to know how to calmly do his daily duty. Buddhism alone is able to scorn reason, to waste time, and not seldom has turned men into beasts and the world into a desert. Give the Socratic ideas sole sway, and art and science will bow down to sensualism; morals will die out, and art lead on to the destruction of liberty. Confucianism, if left to itself, will reduce society to the level of machinery, each one playing his part as a wheel, a belt or a cog, and satisfied with materialism. The three ideas, united, become aspiration, hoping, yearning, praying, seeing the divine, becoming the child of God; but with this, also looking under and questioning things, coveting wisdom, having a passion for knowing, but also with all this doing for others, obeying law, regulating yourself for the general good and honoring humanity. I take it, these three things make a true life—aspiration, study and work, and you can not afford to omit either the one nor the other. The business of the teacher is to make us upward looking, careful investigators, and capable of applying all truth to the welfare of humanity. The reformer who has only a stock of feelings on hand is quite as deficient as that other reformer who bids us follow reason as an absolute guide, or that other teacher who presses upon us the obligations of charity and unselfishness.

E. P. POWELL.

## THE BEST PLACE FOR YOUR TROUBLES.

Once I went into the woodland, o'er my woes to wail and cry, And I saw the grand old maples bow their leafy heads and sigh;

Then I went down to the brooklet, all my troubles there to tell, And the waters laughed and watched me as upon my knees I fell.

Once I walked about the hilltops, my soul sorrowings to air, And the bald old rocks just mocked me with their death-like silence there;

Then I went into the valley with my aching heart bowed down, And the shadows hovered round me with a deep sarcastic frown.

Once I strolled into the meadows in a moody, leisure way, And the daisies and the clover winked and nodded free and gay;

Then I strolled into the orchard all my sadness to dispel, And the trees shook so with laughter that the blushing apples fell.

Once I went upon the housetop to the Universe to pray, And the wind just whistled past me in a jolly sort of way, Then I went into my closet, there to grumble to myself, And my troubles quickly loosened, and I laid them on the shelf.

Moral:

In this poem lies a lesson that all persons ought to know: That the world will never listen to your bitter tales of woe In the sympathetic manner that you think is due yourself, So the best place for your troubles is the closet on the shelf.

DR. T. WILKINS.

"Change of air" prescribed by instinct realizes better results than by dictation.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Characteristic Communication from Him Through the Mediumship of Ella F. Porter, 206 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Good evening, my kind friends. This little sensitive has just sung for me one of my favorite hymns of my past life on earth. This is a great joy for me to communicate through your sensitive, receptive brain, so well equipped by the blessed munificence of Nature's divine gift, to thrill, and to respond quickly to our slightest spirit whisper. For some time have I been watching and waiting with eagerness, this favorable opportunity to control. Your recent development, my dear little lady, is well known, and joyfully hailed, among the residents of the higher, progressive spheres, as each one of the good spirits who have lately visited you, have reported their success in words of appreciative commendation, of the delightful ease with which they control. Fear not, my little sensitive child of nature and music, you are soon to emerge from the dismal depths, into the serene heights of cloudless splendor, and live once more in your rightful sphere. This obscurity in which your gentle spirit has been so long buried, has added a greater brightness to the diamond nature you possess, which will in time, scintillate and sparkle more brilliantly than ever. Rest assured that the divine power is sending you constantly angelic influences to guide and protect you o'er the rugged path of life, and will bring you eventually to a condition of perfect peace, when you will finish your life-work, nobly and grandly, before you are called to these higher spheres above. Now, my dear lady, I am very thankful for this privilege given me by the noble spirit of your loved one, Mr. Porter, who escorted me to-night to this seance-room.

Like him, I accepted the higher truths of this spiritual philosophy long before I left the earth plane, and now hand in hand with him, and many other noble, advanced souls, I am earnestly working for a speedier promulgation of these grand truths, over the whole world.

I come to-night, to this quiet seance-room, replete with peace and love, with an earnest desire to voice a message to all humanity. So, like my predecessors who have visited you lately, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Brooks, and others, I choose a theme which is vitally interesting to my whole nature, and enlarge upon the many points and virtues it may contain, hoping its perusal may throw some light, and assist in the opening of the spiritual vision of those who may read my words. With many hearty thanks, and my spirit blessings to you, ladies, for this kindness, I now close my chat with you, and commence my discourse, which is called

## THE POTENTIAL FORCES OF SPIRIT POWER.

To My Friends of Earth, also to the General Public:—

This open door between the two worlds, this shining link between the seen and the unseen, my spirit gladly recognizes, and accepts this chance of communication with my many earth friends, and humanity in general. As I pause for a moment upon the threshold of this open door to this quiet, peaceful seance-room, I sense keenly the magnetic and electric vibrations of the atmosphere enclosed therein, and feel a responsive echo to my heart thrills, and am inspired with a great desire to give to the world some portion of a wonderful truth. The theme for my spirit message is now one of my most interesting studies in my busy home in the spirit land. The "Potential Forces," as I now perceive them, are constantly at work, in the rapid development of the powerful spirit forces of the universe. In more simple language, for the comprehension of the unobserving, and the cruder, undeveloped type of man, I will reiterate this truth in these plain, matter-of-fact terms, that the power of spirits to control and guide the affairs of earth, is a potential fact in nature, and a divine law, which only those whose spiritual vision is opened, can witness its daily demonstration. Some may exclaim, "Why! that is not so! for it is only God who rules, a personal God alone who guides and directs everything!" Ah, my friends! let me here tell you a plain truth. In all these years of my life in this spirit land, I have never yet seen, nor have I ever met any spirit who has been vouchsafed that wonderful sight, the presence of a personal God.

But, instead of your orthodox God of the Bible, instead of your God of hate and vengeance, who dooms to eternal punishment so many of His loving children, I have thankfully discovered a God-like Center or Source of all Being from which radiates all the higher virtues of love, truth, mercy and justice, whose powerful thought waves of love extend everywhere, permeate everything, and in the spiritual education of many ripened souls in the Universe, chooses many loving angels to send to the world as messengers of light, and instruct the higher minds of earth in wisdom and spiritual knowledge. For many years upon the earth plane I was deeply interested in the phenomena of this modern spiritual philosophy, and firmly believed in its higher truths. I often felt the powerful influences of spirit friends, and many times, through some worthy medium, did I listen closely to the spirit inspiration received, and tried to obey the advice given. Had I not so believed, I would never have had the courage to emancipate the downtrodden black race of the South. For that courageous act have I here received a heavenly reward, commensurate in proportion to the good it accomplished. Glad was I when the power given me to throw off the shackles from so many suffering souls of humanity, still more glad and eager am I now, at this period of my existence in the spirit spheres, to help throw off the shackles from so many on the earth plane, who to-day are blinded by the creedal errors of the orthodox faith; those who are so bound, so steeped in ignorance, and blinded by the idolatrous faith of their forefathers, so fearful of their God of vengeance, and paralyzed by old-time customs and the prejudices so ingrained in their very natures. My earnest and most enjoyable work now is for the enlightenment of humanity.

Now, right here, comes in well my interesting theme, "The Potential Forces of Spirit Power." How few upon earth to-day can realize the immense power in the "Potential Forces" underlying spirit control! Where do all these great inventions originate?

From what source comes the divine inspiration of the great poets, seers, artists on the earth? Their inspiration comes from above, from this realm of causes, from the spirit influences ever surrounding and inspiring a sensitive, receptive brain. In your world of effects only, you cannot see, nor realize fully, the source above, from which flow these divine influences. The potency of thought-force is beginning to be felt and understood more clearly than ever before. Many of the terrible happenings, the dreadful calamities which come to the world, are caused sometimes directly, and sometimes indirectly, by spirit power, which brings good results in the end. Does not a loving parent sometimes find it necessary to correct an erring child? Gently sometimes, and yet according to the disposition, sometimes a sterner hand must be used. According to the nature of the offense, and the disposition of the child, should the correction be tempered, in order to yield good results. So thus do the "Potential Forces," the silent workings of spirit power, apply a needed lesson to earth's people.

Here in this glorious spirit land, where my spirit is happily progressing and developing all the higher attributes of my soul, here do we assemble, twice a year, and help adjust the affairs of the nations of earth, by rightfully using and controlling these "Potential Forces" of the higher spirit realms. This assembly is called "The Congress of Nations." Here do I assist many powerful progressed spirits to direct and control, with the wisest light of our spiritual experience, the unselfish affairs of the nations of the earth. The members of this Congress are of all nationalities, but all united upon this one important work, the purification and uplifting of humanity.

And in order to meet the needs of the earth development, in order to control, to guide, and to inspire certain receptive

minds upon earth, we send intermediary spirits, or rather, messengers of light, with full and clear instructions to follow, upon their mission to humanity. Sometimes they are sent singly, sometimes in groups, who concentrate all their thought forces upon receptive minds fitted to receive their inspiration.

But, my friends, I hear you say, "We cannot perceive such a state of affairs, how can we believe your words are true?" Tell me, first, can you see the gentle breeze, which fans your hot cheek, cooling and refreshing you with its gentle, unseen waves of air, in rapid, vibrating motion? Tell me, can you see the sweet fragrance of a flower? Can you see or perceive these many, subtle, unseen, silent and potent forces of the world in which you live? Can you see a thought? or grasp with your material hand, the bright flashes of sunlight which enter your open door? Yet still they exist. Though unseen, their power is felt. So with the spirit forces, the powers of the unseen are plainly visible in the materialization of thoughts, demonstrated in powerful acts, which move the material forces in your world of effects. But back of them all exists the realm of cause. Without a cause, there could be no effect. Without the existence of the spirit world, and the powerful, "Potential Forces" used by the good spirits, there would exist naught upon your earth plane. In fact, there could only be a world of nothingness! Have I made it clear to your mortal vision? Can you embrace this fact of "Potential Forces," this power which the spirits use to guide and inspire the denizens of the earth plane?

My time will admit of only a faint outline of the grandeur and depth of this important theme. I wish to assure my many friends of earth, as well as the general public, that the wisdom and experience gained by my progressive life in these higher spirit realms, has enabled me to reach the hearts, and to brighten the lives of many upon the earth plane, who have felt my guiding influence, which has helped them to throw off the shackles with which they were bound, and to come forth from their troubled past, and enjoy their new-born freedom in the practical realization of these higher spiritual truths. Many ripened souls above, are now my brother co-workers in this cause of truth, and rejoice with me over the rapid growth of the spiritual seeds of truth, sown upon the receptive brains of earth's best and noblest men. Many of them have changed their views completely, since their birth in this higher life. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, President McKinley, Colonel Ingersoll, Bishop Brooks, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and countless other noble souls, are all of them over here working for this same noble cause. The "Potential Forces" of their spiritual powers, are felt plainly in an ever-increasing and widening circle of influence. They unite with me in this earnest work of love, for the uplifting of humanity. And each and every one of us do gladly accept every good chance to voice our thoughts to the world, through some fine sensitive, some medium whose brain receptivity is capable of voicing our highest thoughts. Such an experience I have now gratefully enjoyed, and will close my message with heartfelt thanks to this lady for her patient kindness in allowing me this use of her time and vitality. With fervent love and blessings from my arisen spirit to all, I am truly now, as ever in the past, the living personality of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

"Why don't women vote?" asks the Syracuse Post-Standard. The answer is easy—Because they don't want to.—Rochester Post Express.

In reply the Troy (N. Y.) Press says: "This answer is more easy than accurate. Women do not vote because prohibited by selfish laws enacted exclusively by the other sex. In proportion as civilization advances, they vote more and more, and we have sufficient faith in evolution to believe that she will have every political prerogative which men enjoy to-day. In several sovereign states, she has already this legal right. In Australia and other important foreign lands woman suffrage is triumphant, and throughout Christendom not a year passes but what the sex has made substantial gains. It is the reactionist looking backward who sneers at equal suffrage for both sexes, and voices the hackneyed fallacy that women don't want to vote."

The Press might also have added the fact that women do vote in as great a proportion as do the men in every state and country where they have full suffrage and that more petitions have been sent to Congress and the various state legislatures asking for the right to vote than all the other petitions combined. In one year the women in the state of New York sent to their constitutional convention petitions signed by 600,000 citizens 21 years of age and above.

If it is true that women do not want to vote, will some of these wise heads tell us how it happens that there is never an effort made to repeal woman suffrage where it has been tried? If the women do not want to vote they would be only too glad to be relieved of the responsibility. I think it is about time that some of these fogies ceased repeating, "women do not want to vote," and give them a chance to show whether they do or not.

ELNORA MONROE BABCOCK.

## I KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

I know not what the morrow may bring—  
I may sorrow and weep, or rejoicing, may sing,  
But this I do know, that whatever my lot,  
I'm a part and a power of the Infinite thought.

Chorus:—I know not the hour, I know not the day,  
When the angels shall bear my spirit away,  
Yet in earth or in heaven where'er I may be,  
I'll be drawn to the sphere that's best fitted for me.

I know not sometimes what course I should take,  
And failures seem scattered along my wake,  
But this I do know, I cannot fail,  
For I rest in the arms of the Infinite All.

Chorus:—I know not the hour, etc.

The law that governs the sparrow's flight,  
Denounces the wrong and upholds the right,  
My wandering bark will surely guide,  
While I'm tossed upon life's foaming tide.

Chorus:—I know not the hour, etc.

I know not if the Master shall say:  
Thy work is well done, come over this way;  
But this I do know, that in doing my best,  
I may safely leave to His keeping the rest.

Chorus:—I know not the hour, etc.

LAURA B. PAYNE.

## WHERE WILL-POWER IS MOST NEEDED.

There is no greater difficulty than in making every day for, say, three-quarters of an hour, a considerable physical effort that is not connected with any game or sport. People will ride a wheel now and then till they are no longer human, or play tennis till their very features seem to be melting off their faces, but ask them to spend three-quarters—only three-quarters—of an hour every day of the week, Sundays included, in the physical culture of their bodies, and nine out of ten of them will look doubtful, and begin to murmur something about the "difficulty of finding time to do it."

Where the best doctors fall these exercises will succeed, if they are persisted in. But the curse of laziness, which makes so many thousands of peevish invalids, must be combated. Will power must be used. Regularity must be observed. The task must be a daily one, and to do it will require resolution.

The exercises adapted for women are baffling. They create fine figures, and, naturally, slim waists. They remove the superfluous flesh which is so distressingly ugly in either man or woman; they clear the skin, brighten the eyes and cause the appearance to become almost absurdly youthful.—Chicago Examiner.

## CURES DEAFNESS AND CATARRH

ONLY ONE REMEDY IS CERTAIN AND THAT IS "ACOTIN."

Deafness is the direct result, in 66 out of every hundred cases, of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The effect of catarrh is to fill up and clog the air passages with deposits, these in a short time stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Deafness ensues, and the hearing cannot be restored until these deposits are removed. It is impossible to reach the inner ear by probing or syringing, and that is the reason why the greatest aurists and physicians find their skill baffled. But science has discovered a way to reach these heretofore inaccessible portions of the head. This discovery has been named "Acotin." It is a vapor outflow which, passing through the Eustachian tubes attacks and dissolves the clogging catarrhal deposits, so that they pass away, and at the same time loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, so that they are immediately responsive to the slightest sound vibrations. The hearing is restored, and the patient is cured. Acotin is also a certain specific for asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, whooping cough, colds and headaches; all of which it cures in a few days. It is sold in bottles of 50 cents each, and is guaranteed to cure. Trial postage free, and positive proof of cure, if you will send 10 cents for a trial bottle. Write to Dr. J. W. Wilson, 657 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of

Hudson Tuttle.  
Address him at Berlin, Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often brevity is sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby terse, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full names and addresses must be given, and the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the extraordinary courtesy of correspondents is appreciated.

HUDSON TUTTLE

O. G. Richards: Q. How can the flood which has come in the usually droughty regions of Kansas be accounted for?

A. The droughts and rains depend on the directions of the air-currents, and the hitherto prevailing currents over the more arid regions of the West are not charged with moisture. While in the main subject to regularity, they vary, as do the currents of water in the ocean, only to a greater extent. Many meteorologists see in such changes the magnetic influence of the sun, and the future will undoubtedly prove their contention correct.

There is periodicity in the fluctuations of the aerial tides and changes of character. The dry winds give place to moist, which discharge their surplusage in rain. The arid west has apparently passed the seasons of drought, or dry currents, and is now receiving in its upper atmosphere, the humid south-westerly winds. That for several years to come there will be a much greater annual precipitation there, than in the last score of years. There may be partial droughts, as there are in more rain-favored countries, but the average rainfall will be greatly increased.

The conditions of saturated currents, suddenly drawn upward, over the colder and hence condensing region, thus producing such enormous precipitations, may be impracticable, and of rare occurrence. In passing, a few thoughts arise as to the tremendous energy displayed by such downpours. Of the late storm the weather report is that nearly six inches (6.65) of water fell in 72 hours. It is difficult to comprehend the volume of such a rainfall. A little calculation may assist in giving some idea of the infinite power of nature's forces. Six inches of rain means that on every square mile of earth's surface there fell 434,580 tons of water. This would require for transportation, over 10,000 cars carrying 40 tons each. But this is only a fraction of the power expended. The vapors which furnish the rain clouds, are drawn up according to meteorologists from southern seas at least three thousand miles away. The vapor is elevated to a minimum height of one mile and brought there three thousand miles to at last be precipitated in rain. The work of a horse (or the dynamic unit used in calculating power), is able to elevate a little more than one and a half tons one foot in a minute. It is estimated that such a horse would lift 100 pounds in a second. If one horse power can elevate one and a half tons one foot in a minute, it would be 88 hours in pulling this load to the height of a mile or placing it on the mean level of the rain clouds. Or to place a rainfall of six inches on a square mile in the clouds would require the united work of 289,780 horses for 88 continuous hours. Greatly this by the several hundred square miles over which the storm extended, and the amount becomes incomprehensible. All the engines and power-giving means employed by man, united, would scarcely make a noticeable impression in this titanic labor.

W. B. Campbell: Q. I send you photograph of a stone foot noted 210 feet under the surface, in sinking a coal shaft northwest of Des Moines. It was in the slate overlying the coal. It is 8 inches long and 4 wide. To what kind of a being did it belong?

A. The photograph shows a foot belonging apparently to a reptile of the saurian type, but it is not possible from the picture, to more than express a tentative opinion. It appears to be a remarkable perfect fossil, and has great interest as coming from an age in which they existed, have left few and uncertain traces of their fossil remains. In view of this the position in which the "foot" was found should be carefully witnessed, and at least a portion of adhering slate preserved. Its scientific value depends on this evidence. This correspondent suggests that it is a "deformed human foot," but this inference undoubtedly grew out of the similarity of the elements in the feet of all vertebrate animals. The human foot is a type to which all the others more or less conform. A departure from this type appears to the observer as a deformity. As man did not exist on the earth until untold millions of years after the formation of the coal, it would be impossible for this foot to be of human origin.

George Wray: Q. It has been stated that "all is in a state of vibration, and how is this proven?"

A. There is a great deal of loose talk about vibrations, and a constant showing of ignorance of the subject. The theory of vibration, now universally adopted, had its beginning in the explanation of sound by waves or vibrations in the air. This was readily demonstrated, and led to the application of the same reasoning to light, heat, electricity and vital force. The theory ne-

cessitated a vibrating medium, or ether, pervading the universe, of almost infinite tenacity and elasticity. In this, when vibrations were set up, according to the length and rapidity of the waves, the sensation of light, heat, electricity, etc., are produced.

While this vast field has not yet been more than entered on its border, experimental research of the most wonderful conception and execution, gave the data for mathematical calculations, as to wave lengths and velocity. The real demonstration is mathematical.

Matter at "rest," that is without motion, i. e., vibrations, might exist but would not be cognizable to our senses. If such matter at rest—were set in vibration by a constantly increasing force, as burning coal, or an electric current, it would first throw off heat waves, as the temperature continued to rise, the vibrations becoming more rapid at 600 degrees C, it will begin to glow with light, and increase to incandescence at 1500 degrees C, or the pure white or complete light of the sun. Continuing to a still higher temperature the vibrations are those of chemical action (actinic) and electricity. But it must be borne in mind that simply saying that the cause of phenomena is vibrations explains nothing. It only puts a new word in place of an old. Then can we have no vibrations without a cause—i. e., an expenditure of energy. The vibrations of the ether of space sent out by the sun beat on the earth as light, heat and electricity. As heat they set the particles of the earth in vibration, and with light build up all living forms.

This vibratory theory is applied to the brain as an instrument of setting up the regular series of vibrations which are known as thoughts or mind, and the analogy is well sustained when compared to its made. Yet it must be confessed that so far as demonstrative proof is concerned there is none whatever. It is a plausible solution; a theory which covers the known facts and unites them into a consistent whole. In this instance it may be said to be well sustained. Admitting that force in its various forms of heat, light, electricity or magnetism, goes out in vibrations does not and the inquiry. It only explains the method—a small part of the method. The cause is as concealed as before. The relation of these vibrations to what is called "matter" is entirely conjectured. The theories of "ions," of "electrons," of "atoms," about which the leading men of science talk and write with such complacent assurance, are nearer or farther from the truth, as determined and demonstrated as mathematical propositions, are as baseless as fairy tales. Possibly they may be true, yet even their exponents, brought directly to the test, admit that their theories are only "scientific dreams."

MIRIAM.

[The following poems are republished on account of typographical errors occurring therein last week.]

Oh, what art thou doing, Miriam, in thy new-found home to-day?  
Thy going is such a mystery; thou seemest so far away;  
Not a glimpse do we catch of the glories which thou hast "entered in."  
For no pilgrim retraces his footsteps to this world of sorrow and sin.

To tell us of the beauties which the Master hides from view,  
Until we cross the river which divides the old and the new.  
But thou hast crossed it, darling, thou art safe on the other shore.  
Look back, dear love, and point the way, that we, too, may pass o'er.

What are the "joys immortal" which hold and keep thee?  
What was the angel's promise, who tempted thee to go?  
Thou wert ever far above us, in thy few short years of life,  
And we could see the beck'ning hands which drew thee from the strife;

But we know the angels called thee, or thou wouldst not have left us;  
These hearts that are aching and breaking, this home that is bereft,  
And we do not question the Giver, who took his own away,  
But we grieve in the night and the darkness, and we long for the dawn and the day.

MARY E. BUEL.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Miriam's Reply.

You ask me, what I am doing in my "new-found home to-day?"  
I will tell you, all ye dear ones who truly this by the several hundred square miles over which the storm extended, and the amount becomes incomprehensible. All the engines and power-giving means employed by man, united, would scarcely make a noticeable impression in this titanic labor.

I never in all my earth life was so very, very near,  
As I've been since I left the mortal, and entered the heavenly sphere.

I visit my loved in the morning, and again at eventide;  
For the river that I crossed over can no earthly love divide!  
I am basking in rays supernal—have met loved ones gone before,  
And I'll be the first to greet you when you reach this beautiful shore.

You call yours "a world of sorrow," God never willed it so!  
He filled it with joy and beauty, and blessings that overflow,  
As a prelude to "joys immortal," that are mine forevermore,  
For I have passed the portal that leads to the "other shore."

And I am one with the Master, who while on earth did say:  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."  
Angels silently led the way  
To the fields that are ever vernal, where no sorrow enters in,  
And I've solved what seemeth "a mystery" to the "world of sorrow and sin."

I know how your "hearts are aching," but 'twas better that I should go,  
Or the Father in His wisdom would not have willed it so;  
Then look for the day and the dawning, "groping not in the darkness night,"  
Lift the veil that your vision has shrouded, and let in the beautiful light;  
And remember that ever at evening, when all is hushed and still,  
Your darling child is with you, and is your Miriam still.

MARY E. VAN HORN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

"Wedding Chimes." By Delpha Pearl Hughes. A tasty, beautiful and appropriate wedding souvenir. Contains marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, etc., with choice matter in poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal Ministry. Price 75 cents. For sale at this office.

## LIBRARY WORK.

A Thoughtful Plan for Spiritual Propaganda.

The action of the delegates to the coming convention of the National Spiritualists Association by all those who hold a fervent and unselfish regard for the cause, will be watched with much solicitude. With judicious deliberation, and acts strictly in harmony with the best interest, much good will be done, and Spiritualism receive an impetus which will tend to lift it over the shoals, and place the longed-for cause upon the solid ground of respect and prosperity.

It is well to consider that, in the investigation of Spiritualism, each individual represents a different plane of development, or mental growth, in a channel most comprehensive to himself, and in this regard in fact is a law to himself, which safely may be considered the basic principle of an advanced conception in the realms of spiritual laws. The philosophy appeals largely to the mind, and the wonder sense, and a deep rooted instinct in our nature, and such appeals are never in vain, and will command attention of even those who would fain deny the truth or possibility of the grand phenomena which lie just beyond the narrow scope of their intellectual horizon. Besides, what can be of more interest than obtaining some facts or a clue to some great mystery, especially one which has not only confounded the sages of the past since the early dawn of his reasoning faculties, and to the common multitude, as alluring as the mellow glow of a morning sunbeam.

Error has no friend like prejudice which falsely lays claim to all the tenets of virtue, and the weaker the judgment the louder acclaim and stronger the prejudice. Progress is not achieved by unoccupied space. Now with all this vast space before us, it is impossible for us to conceive of a moment of the time. Time is as endless in duration as space is in existence. Can you think of or imagine a place where space does not exist? I think that any mind that has not been biased by that hypnotic spell of the "mediums," and the life surrounded by acknowledge that, my premise of time and space is correct. Now the point I am trying to reach is, that if anyone created time or space, where were they before time existed? Dear reader, take your own time to answer this.

Forever settle it in your own mind, but be sure you are right, for unless you commence right you will have trouble to end right. Now, then, take these particles of sand and drops of water and let nature bring two of them together every trillion years and you can have some of the time of this wonderful world has been in forming.

I said nature. "That is a word I use emphatically, instead of the word God. I don't know anything about a God, and but very little about nature. God is first spoken of in the Bible. In John 1:18, is recorded the words, "No man hath seen God at any time." In Ex. 33:20, "and he (the Lord) said, thou canst not see my face; for no man shall see my face and live." In Job 32:30, "and Jacob called the place Peniel; for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." At another time he was seen by seventy-four (Exodus 24:9, 10, 11). Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu and seventy of the elders of Israel. They saw God and did eat and drink.

Now taking the Bible as a record, we could never come to a reasonable conclusion as to any of his attributes. He is represented as a God of love, and a God of vengeance. He is a creator of good and evil. So to prove a God would be the most difficult task of my life. Hence the heading of this article. Thou fool, thou hast said in thine heart there is no God.

But in the laws of nature we can see some of its attributes at least. None of us have ever seen nature, nothing but the attributes of nature, and we see the fruits of it. Nature is perfect. It is one word to which we can add the word perfect. Nature is always the same. It never changes. It always was, is, and will be the same, without the shadow of turning. We cannot open our eyes without beholding nature's handiwork.

To illustrate in a plain manner, I once saw two parents who were so near what is termed idiots that their two children born to them could not talk, merely grunted and made some noise. We in nature had nothing to do in making those children such pitiable subjects. It was the conditions of their parents, wholly so. I am so ignorant as to nature that in speaking of it I do not know whether to say, he, she, it, or they, but many so-called wise people, he, she, his, or him, always the masculine sex. I understand that the learned Moses Hurl has said that the word God is derived from the word good. That may be so, yet I can use it only synonymously with the word idol.

I have been chagrined at lecturers and mediums clothed their services by singing, "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost," and the repeating of the Lord's prayer, etc. Now I will never object to those who want to do these things, but for me, no, never. It breaks the conditions at once. We are in partnership with the orthodox? Do we have to pattern from them? Are we so weak we cannot stand alone? If not, let us be a natural deity. I can't stand to be strangled. And such worship does completely close my mouth.

This world would have been much better off if it had never heard the words God, Bible, creeds, etc. They have caused more wars, more bloodshed and superstition than can possibly be conceived.

Some would be willing to be called Spiritualists away from home, but they don't want their church to know it. They think it will hurt them financially and socially to let the truth be known. Friends, if you are not honest to your convictions you cannot benefit your selves nor any else. If I am wrong I will be honest with myself and acknowledge my wrongs as fast as I find them out.

What do our dear departed ones care as to what false ideas we may have. It is the true ones they are anxious for us to know. They who have tried the reality of another life, know the true conditions and know that we are anxious to pass once more into their society, let us search diligently for the truth, the right way, then we will come in rapport with them and enjoy their sweet communion here on earth. By doing this we will be certain as to their conditions. Whilst our hearts bleed for their presence once more, we miss them all the time. "Mamma," oh, I am so happy, glory, glory, glory. It makes our hearts rejoice with joy unspeakable. Thanks to nature's powers for the revelation of facts.

We cannot fully realize anything, only as we experience them. Experience is the true grand teacher. I cannot portray any of the beauties and glories of that higher sphere into which our loved ones have reached, but I can tell you that it is a place of great joy and peace. A joy and peace that no earthly power can bring, then.

"Death, Its Meaning and Results." By J. K. Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Bar. An absorbingly interesting volume, of decided value. A narrative of wonderful psychic events in the lives of the "deceased." 160 pages, illustrated, 1.25.

"A Course of practical experimental lessons, of especial value and assistance to those who desire to be benefited by the development of powers of concentration of thought, clear meditation and superior inspiration. Sent complete for 50 cents.

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## FIRST GREAT CAUSE.

Thoughts of a Fool, According to the Bible.

This article is written by a fool, according to the Bible, and it may be as way to the waste basket. But, my dear editor, I have such great love for you in that you are so courageous and firm in your manner of editing our paper, The Progressive Thinker. I am truly glad that our cause is backed by such men as you. Our paper reaches us promptly each week, laden with the brightest jewels of thought. I am utterly surprised that anyone professing to be a Spiritualist should be finding fault with it. My sincere desire is, that your life may be long spared to publish it. I have read many articles in it that have been worth more than ten times the subscription price. Of course I have a preference among the writers, and probably reading something that I did not fall in harmony with has prompted me to write this article.

I have been studying for the last four months about the First Cause—as some say it, the First Great Cause, and I feel sure at last I have been rewarded for all my meditations. And whilst it is a great source of joy and comfort to me, I am anxious and willing to help others, if possible, to overcome these superstitious and false ideas.

I am sure that the great cause is based upon ignorance. In the first place, time and space have always existed. Take each grain of sand of the earth, each drop of water of the mighty oceans and place them millions of miles apart, and yet there would be plenty of gliding smoothly in an harmonious rut, but the conflict of opinions bright gems of thought are scattered along the rugged pathway of life, hate and brood and become the torch which guides the footsteps of the coming generation.

It is an unwritten law that the now must plant for the future, and the laggard is the barnacle on the bottom of the great ship of life. Reformations of the past in church and state have been achieved only by an appeal to the minds of the masses. Agitation separates the chaff from the wheat and destroys the occupation of the chaff venders.

The pathway of those who were by nature endowed to carry the white banner, and through their sensitive organism offering to the dogmatic world a new foundation of truth, has not been of a roscate hue, nor strewn with the choice garlands of appreciation; but footsore and soul-hungry, with face to the mountain of error many have fallen by the way side.

While others stimulated to greater exertion by the spirit world, have tramped, tramped while intellectually or soul-famishing for the want of that understanding and sympathetic touch which only knowledge can bring have for years endured the shock of innuendoes and cruel vituperations.

This cruel opposition mainly arises from prenatal conditions and is not confined to any creed or standing in society, and can only be eradicated by education.

Man mentally becomes or grows with his environments, and his thinker expands just in accord with the advantage he may have of thought food, and his power of assimilation. Reading causes man to think in a new channel, and in time, just in proportion to his ability in casting off the myths of childhood, and digesting truths new to him, will be set about the work of testing, and analyzing his stock of old ideas, and reorganizing them into a comprehensive shape, in harmony with the new order of things.

In the very order of our being, these changes are of a slow growth, and cannot be produced by a flash-light process, nor stereoscopic views, but by thought food and through the process of the laws of growth, the desired result will be obtained.

It may be considered stale, but no profane nor divine, science nor historical, has ever been blest with literature to compare with that of the spiritual philosophy. In fact the cause is so very ably treated, and from every comprehensible point of view, and in that peculiar interesting manner, that each one may participate according to their own liking and power of understanding. Now there is not an intelligent Spiritualist

In the land, nor in the scope of the influence of The Progressive Thinker that will not say, "that's true."

Now please consider that all this grand philosophy of life given to us by the spirit world yet remains in the hands of the few. And with the pulp and secular press whose influence largely shape public opinion, holding antagonistic views in any way connected with our lecturers and mediums find a rough road to travel. Yes, they, the workers, for years have been forced to rag against a turbulent current, and the many heart-aches will forever remain unhealed.

When every public library in our land is well stocked with literature that will set thought to work, develop the inner life, and teach man that he is the little God which is behind the throne, uncap the brain cells of the reading public, teach them a comprehensive idea of the laws of vibration, which will enable them to grasp the thought of what is meant by condition.

Then our lecturers and mediums will not enter the lecture and seance room in fear and trembling, but with joyous expectancy that their audience may have appreciation for the grand feast to be received from the spirit world.

And as ignorance is destroyed by reason and knowledge, and a more general comprehension of natural laws, Spiritualism will gain that respect due to all truth, and the ooze will cease to dissembrate from the pulp and secular press.

Can this be done? Is it practical, and as this subject has in the last few months found space in the columns of The Progressive Thinker, what, if anything, has been done to start this ball of enlightenment into motion?

I will say first that this work is entirely practical, every one will say it is necessary, and can be accomplished much easier than first thought would indicate. Also I speak from knowledge gained from some experience, that the promoters of this work will receive a hearty and substantial cooperation from the Spiritualists and Freethinkers throughout all sections of the country.

I will also say, that as a slight beginning our library of books, which in over forty spiritual "francs" wonderful premiums list, and The Progressive Thinker, sends a weekly welcome to file in the reading room of Akron's public library.

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## FIRST GREAT CAUSE.

Thoughts of a Fool, According to the Bible.

This article is written by a fool, according to the Bible, and it may be as way to the waste basket. But, my dear editor, I have such great love for you in that you are so courageous and firm in your manner of editing our paper, The Progressive Thinker. I am truly glad that our cause is backed by such men as you. Our paper reaches us promptly each week, laden with the brightest jewels of thought. I am utterly surprised that anyone professing to be a Spiritualist should be finding fault with it. My sincere desire is, that your life may be long spared to publish it. I have read many articles in it that have been worth more than ten times the subscription price. Of course I have a preference among the writers, and probably reading something that I did not fall in harmony with has prompted me to write this article.

I have been studying for the last four months about the First Cause—as some say it, the First Great Cause, and I feel sure at last I have been rewarded for all my meditations. And whilst it is a great source of joy and comfort to me, I am anxious and willing to help others, if possible, to overcome these superstitious and false ideas.

I am sure that the great cause is based upon ignorance. In the first place, time and space have always existed. Take each grain of sand of the earth, each drop of water of the mighty oceans and place them millions of miles apart, and yet there would be plenty of gliding smoothly in an harmonious rut, but the conflict of opinions bright gems of thought are scattered along the rugged pathway of life, hate and brood and become the torch which guides the footsteps of the coming generation.

It is an unwritten law that the now must plant for the future, and the laggard is the barnacle on the bottom of the great ship of life. Reformations of the past in church and state have been achieved only by an appeal to the minds of the masses. Agitation separates the chaff from the wheat and destroys the occupation of the chaff venders.

The pathway of those who were by nature endowed to carry the white banner, and through their sensitive organism offering to the dogmatic world a new foundation of truth, has not been of a roscate hue, nor strewn with the choice garlands of appreciation; but footsore and soul-hungry, with face to the mountain of error many have fallen by the way side.

While others stimulated to greater exertion by the spirit world, have tramped, tramped while intellectually or soul-famishing for the want of that understanding and sympathetic touch which only knowledge can bring have for years endured the shock of innuendoes and cruel vituperations.

This cruel opposition mainly arises from prenatal conditions and is not confined to any creed or standing in society, and can only be eradicated by education.

Man mentally becomes or grows with his environments, and his thinker expands just in accord with the advantage he may have of thought food, and his power of assimilation. Reading causes man to think in a new channel, and in time, just in proportion to his ability in casting off the myths of childhood, and digesting truths new to him, will be set about the work of testing, and analyzing his stock of old ideas, and reorganizing them into a comprehensive shape, in harmony with the new order of things.

In the very order of our being, these changes are of a slow growth, and cannot be produced by a flash-light process, nor stereoscopic views, but by thought food and through the process of the laws of growth, the desired result will be obtained.

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